

# THE AUTOMOBILE MAGAZINE

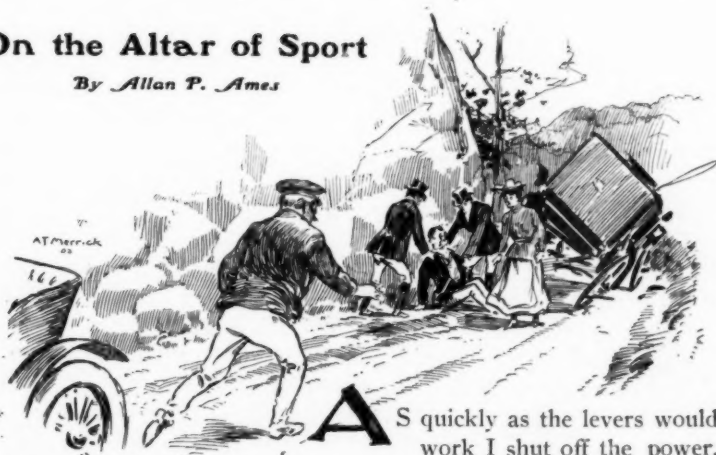
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## On the Altar of Sport

By Allan P. Ames



**A**S quickly as the levers would work I shut off the power, steered into the ditch and gave them the whole road. But it was too late. In spite of the frantic efforts of two big men on the box, the spirited team bolted as though an automobile was a pursuing beast of prey. What might have happened is unpleasant to contemplate, for the narrow road skirted the mountain-side with a steep declivity on the left. Fortunately, before the team was well under way, the hub of the rear wheel struck a tree and the heavy carriage stopped with an abruptness that threw the four occupants forward into the soft undergrowth. The whiffletrees snapped and the snorting horses galloped wildly down the mountain, thrashing their traces behind them.

Apprehension regarding the Carinthian penalty for causing runaways urged me to flee, but curiosity, if no more humane im-

pulse, forbade. So I left the car in the ditch and ran back to the wreck.

Before I reached it the coachman and footman had picked themselves up, and, first dusting their gorgeous liveries, had gone to the aid of a stout, heavily-bearded old gentleman who lay motionless and groaning. The fourth person, a wiry little lady in a short cloth skirt and mannish jacket, had bounced to her feet with extraordinary promptness. As I approached, bowing low, she screamed an order to the two servitors, in an unknown tongue, but a tone that left little doubt of her meaning. I was sure that she said, "Seize him!"

Now I am not a small man, and the figure I cut in dust-begrimed leather coat and cap and abnormally large goggles, must have been far from gentle. At any rate, the men showed no disposition to leave their master, whom they had lifted to a sitting posture.

The old gentleman's eyes wandered uncertainly for a moment until they fell upon me. Then they lighted up wonderfully. "An automobile, a chauffeur, here in the mountains!" he exclaimed in good English. "It is unbelievable! Sir, I trust that your vehicle is not injured."

"Not in the least," I answered. "It was the tree you struck. But yourself and this lady—I hope you have not suffered through my carelessness. My unlucky conveyance and myself are at our service if you will let us take you to your destination."

The curative effect of this offer was surprising. He arose unaided and held out his hand with a beaming smile. "Your kindness is unspeakable," said he. "No apologies; you can more than repay this trifling inconvenience by accepting our hospitality for a brief season. I am extremely fond of motoring, but as no chauffeur can be induced to spend the summer in this wilderness, and my wife fears to let me be my own, I have had little of it since we left Vienna. But pardon me—Theresa—may I ask your name?"

I produced a card.

"Theresa, let me present my friend, Mr. Robert Cole—an American, I judge, from the make of his machine."

The lady's bow was very chilly. "Hadden't you better tell him who we are?" she remarked dryly.

"Oh, he must know that. You recognized us, of course, Mr. Cole?"

Happily I had noticed the heraldic device on the carriage panel, so his confidence was not violated. "Our illustrated periodicals

have made the face of Your Grace familiar to every American household," I replied, unhesitatingly. "It is a great honor to meet you and the Duchess in the flesh."

"To be sure," said the Duke; "your magazines are far more enterprising than ours. But you hardly expected to encounter us here in the Cardic Alps. Our summer residence is only a few miles hence. We shall take pleasure in accompanying you thither."



THE ROAD WAS IN EXCELLENT  
CONDITION

Though winding and narrow, the road was in excellent condition, and the Duke thoroughly enjoyed the speed we made in traversing it. His satisfied countenance proved this, although he was too deeply interested watching me handle the levers to do much talking. The Duchess, on the other hand, plied me with incessant questions. Having nothing to conceal, I told her everything: my age, my profession and my present business. I was motoring through Central Europe with my mother and sister and a courier, and my immediate destination was Venice, where I expected to join the rest of the party, who had gone from Vienna by train.

Having satisfied her own curiosity, she repaid me in the same coin, and I heard without surprise that the Duke's enthusiasm for motoring was matched by his wife's for golf. On the subject of this sport she babbled until I was glad when the rugged scenery opened and revealed a neat little plateau, with a fine old building crowning a slight elevation in the center, and His Grace, awaking from his mechanical studies, announced—"The Castle."



"NOT IN THE LEAST,"  
I ANSWERED

For several hundred yards the way led through level farm lands, then among the aisles of a pine grove that reached to the base of the hill. Up this ran a spiral path that put the gasoline engine to severe test, and when at last, puffing and choking, the machine

reached the gateway, His Grace drew a long breath and exploded in exclamations of admiration.

A bevy of house servants, wearing the same gay livery as the two we had left to bring back the runaway horses, swarmed out and helped us alight. I hadn't the least idea that the Duke would recollect his sweeping invitation, and, having concluded to reach a certain village before nightfall, I started to bid them farewell. Whereupon the old gentleman's countenance fell and he protested vigorously. So cordially did he urge that I might have yielded had I not intercepted the passage of a warning look from the Duchess. For some reason or other she did not share her husband's eagerness for my company. So it appeared; and I hardened my heart against his appeal and went back to inspect the motor before starting. As I bent to my task I distinctly heard the lady whisper:

"But, Joseph, remember the Countess."

Whoever the Countess was, she had no weight with Duke Joseph. Disregarding his consort's objections, he attacked me with protestations, arguments, entreaties, even commands. There is no telling what the outcome might have been had he not been interrupted by the opening of the great door of the building and the appearance of a young girl.

Interrupted, I say—rather, he interrupted himself; for the moment he saw the girl he changed his tack, and, hastening to her side, caught her hand and drew her toward me.

"Countess Lucia," said he—"Mr. Cole, an American, who owns this excellent automobile, and can run it like Fournier himself. I am trying to persuade him to be our guests for the night, but he is sadly obstinate. Aid me, Countess; tell him that he will perform an act of charity if he stays."

The abrupt meeting had sent the color into the girl's beautiful face, and for the least instant she hesitated, regarding us with wide-open, puzzled eyes. Then she seconded the Duke's invitation with undisguised eagerness:

"An American—and so unchivalrous? It is impossible! Do stay, Mr. Cole. The Duchess and I are intensely interested in all that pertains to your country. And," she added almost in an aside, "it is very lonesome here at times."

To say that I was amazed is expressing it mildly. How unlike the haughty Austrian ladies one reads about! There was only one course to pursue: I surrendered so promptly that even the well-fed steward grinned as he held open the door for the party to enter.



While the Duke remained behind to superintend the stabling of the automobile, from which he could hardly tear himself, one of the under-servants showed me to a room up countless little stairways. Presently two others appeared carrying the small leather trunk that held my few personal effects that had not gone on to Venice by rail.

As I dressed for the early dinner, I blessed the impulse that had prompted me to include an evening suit among the clothes I had chucked into that trunk. A shave, a bath and a change of apparel left me satisfied that my appearance during the rest of the evening would be a gratifying improvement upon the sad figure I must have cut when the Countess first saw me, powdered as I was with the dust of the afternoon's journey. What an ass I had made of myself in the courtyard!

These and similar reflections left little attention to spare for material externals: the dark, heavy furniture and mellow hangings of the room, and the outlook from the windows, down upon fresh green fields and away to encircling mountains now dyed orange and crimson by the setting sun and shadowed with purple. Another time might have found me gazing in raptures, but there are things more infinitely stirring than a view, and on the present occasion it took me so long to dress that as I slipped into my coat the man came to announce dinner and show the way.



ANNOUNCED—"THE CASTLE"

PROSING ABOUT MOTORS, TIRES  
AND BRAKES

My host and the Countess Lucia were in the dining room before me; and if the latter had attracted before she dazzled me now. The soft, sweeping lines of a simple, white gown exaggerated her height, and with the light of the great chandelier on her yellow hair against the somber background of the oak paneling, she seemed the actual source of the brilliancy that flooded the room. Light and life she radiated like Hygeia. This comparison entered

by brains several minutes later, after that organ became capable of consecutive thought.

We four were the only ones at table. The Countess talked but little; in fact, the old couple gave her small chance; but several remarks she let fall were in such idiomatic New Yorkese that my wonder and curiosity became painfully acute. Unfortunately, the Duke and his spouse mounted their hobbies with the first spoonful of soup, and when it was not motoring it was golf. The old lady sounded the shallows of my knowledge in short order so far as the niceties of the game were concerned. And when she learned that my baggage contained no specimens of the rubber-cored ball, in which she displayed intense interest, her disappointment reached a climax.

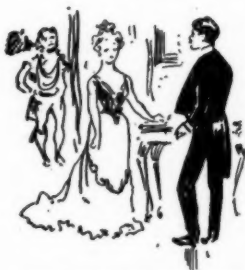
But with the Duke I got on famously. Although his actual experience with automobiles was limited, he had read on the subject extensively. By the time the coffee arrived he had theoretically taken my vehicle apart and assembled it again and planned trips with it to nearly every quarter of the empire. It was useless for me to protest that my stay must be limited to one night, that my people were expecting me and would be not only anxious but seriously inconvenienced if I did not arrive on schedule time. He waived my excuses with a tolerant smile and continued the construction of his air castles on a scale that presupposed my permanent residence at this estate in the heart of the Carnic Alps.

When I spoke of my mother and sister the Countess leaned forward as though about to speak, and several times after that I found her watching my face with disconcerting intentness. On these occasions my remarks generally trailed off into incoherence. It was very hard to satisfy His Grace's thirst for details of my trip with those blue eyes upon me, and I welcomed an interruption by the Duchess during which I was able to return the inspection and it was the Countess' turn to look confused.

What was the beautiful Lucia's position in the lonely home of this unique pair became a question upon which I could merely speculate, but speculate I did, to the neglect of the conversation. The most probable explanation placed her as a poor kinswoman dependent upon their bounty. No wonder she welcomed the diversion of a guest. Of one thing there could be no doubt: she was an adept at golf. The deference that the elder woman paid her rarely voiced opinions was proof of this, even if open-air life had not left its sign upon her face and arms. Notwithstanding the familiar sum-

mer-girl device of a velvet ribbon at the dividing line, the clear red and brown of her complexion contrasted strangely with the gleaming whiteness of her broad shoulders.

Attempts to draw her into the general conversation were fruit-



SHE DAZZLED ME NOW

less. The other two played battledore and shuttlecock with me until it came time for the Duchess Theresa to rise and precede the Countess from the room.

Expectation of seeing Lucia again that evening came to naught. Left master of the field, my host sat long over the wine, prosing about motors and tires and brakes until in desperation I pleaded weariness and gained permission to retire. Before we parted he stated that he would be ready for a short run the first thing in the morning, and having learned the uselessness of opposition, I let him take my silence for consent. To tell the truth, I hadn't definitely decided whether to go or stay. After giving the doubt the benefit of a final cigar, I concluded to let the morning take care of itself.

The night was very still. I had tossed the end of the Duke's excellent Havana over the window sill and risen to prepare for bed, when there came a tap on the door, gentle, but so unexpected that it rang in my ears with startling reverberations. Hurriedly answering the summons, I found a young woman dressed as a lady's maid standing on the threshold. Without a word she clapped a finger to her lips and moved away beckoning. Under the delightful spell of mystery I followed unhesitatingly.



WHITE ROBED, BUT FAR FROM GHOSTLY

In the corridor the softest football woke echoes that rustled down every stone-clad passage. Lighting the way by a tiny paper, my guide preceded me along the main hall and down a narrow stairway, then through other halls and stairways until all sense of

direction forsook me. When she finally halted before a closed door I could only guess that we had reached a part of the castle remote from our starting place. Without knocking the maid pushed open the door and stood against it while I entered; then softly closing it behind her, she passed through the apartment and vanished at the opposite end.

Although she took the candle with her, I was not in the dark. One small window admitted a shaft of moonlight that threw the mullions into sharp relief on the floor, and it was not long before I could make out the surroundings. Even before my eyes became accustomed to the gloom, I was sure the room was a woman's. An indefinable perfume foretold the feminine appurtenances which I now discovered in increasing number. While I stood curiously gazing about, the door through which the servant had departed opened to admit a tall, white-robed figure—white-robed, but, even in the moonlight, far from ghostly. No one could make that mistake about a creature so vivid as the Countess Lucia.

"My window is watched from without," she said in a low voice. "A light would cast shadows. But, then—" she smiled—"of course, you don't understand. Sit here and I'll tell you. Aren't you mystified?"

"I'm thrilled! All it wants is a little creepy music."

"There's nothing so very creepy about it," she replied. "It's not melodrama, but opera-bouffé. In a way, though, the situation is serious. Now, how should you like to be held a prisoner in this place all summer?"

"Solitary confinement?"

"Oh, no; you'd be treated as a guest of honor, probably, as long as you remained peacefully, and drove the Duke about in your automobile."

"And do you expect to spend the rest of the summer here?"

"Perhaps."

"Well, the truth is," said I, "your question cannot be answered without involving one in a compliment too brazen for even an American."

"But I am in earnest, Mr. Cole," she replied, without smiling. "Won't your mother and sister be inconvenienced if you fail to meet them as they expect? Won't they worry?"

"Yes, they would," I admitted, reluctantly, for I was less and less inclined to leave. "It is out of the question for me to stay

here as long as His Grace appears to desire. But what do you mean when you speak of imprisonment?"

"Just this: After you left the Duke this evening I overheard him talking with the Duchess. I fear that I took pains to listen, but I felt justified. Enough was said to convince me that you must get away from here without his knowledge if you are to escape at all. Couldn't you manage it early to-morrow morning before any of them are up? The Duke is a late riser; and he can't suspect that you know his intentions."

"But I don't quite follow you," said I. "What have I done? Does he mean to take the law in his own hands and punish me for scaring his horses? Doesn't he know that an American citizen can't disappear without causing inquiry?"

"It isn't likely that he has thought of a single thing since you came except your automobile," replied the Countess. "He's crazy about it; don't you see. Motoring has been his monomania ever since he first rode in an automobile last spring. But just now the factories have so many orders ahead that he can't get a machine, and I believe he would have difficulty in hiring a good chauffeur even if he succeeded in getting a car. So long as you remain here he has both; and I think he means to keep you until he goes back to Vienna in the fall, even if he has to use force."

I sat back and laughed until I was ashamed of myself. The idea of a stout, garrulous little nobleman holding his guests like a medieval robber-baron was irresistible. "Forgive my rudeness," I implored, "but you speak American so perfectly that you must appreciate how funny this is. You do, don't you?"

"I might," she answered, "if it weren't for your mother and sister. I can't help thinking how they will worry if you are detained."

Her thoughtfulness made me feel very small. Of course, I had no business to consult my own preferences.

"You are quite right," said I. "And I'll try to do as you suggest. I'm awfully obliged to you, and some day perhaps I may get a chance to repay the debt. Mother and sister won't be able to rest until they have thanked you, after I tell them about this."

"Possibly we may meet," observed the Countess, looking the other way. "The world is a small place, and you Americans are constantly making it smaller. But you, Mr. Cole, can do me a favor sooner than you think. This letter—will you deliver it for me to the American Consul at Venice?"

"That is such a small service," I remonstrated, as I took the packet and slipped it into my pocket. "Is there nothing more I can do?"

"Nothing more—now. I have asked your Consul to do something in which he may need your assistance later."

"But possibly I may see you next fall in Vienna," I persisted. "If you are there couldn't I call?"

"I don't expect to be there," said she, with a smile. "In fact, I am thinking of visiting your country. If by any chance you are in New York—" She paused.

"Oh, yes—I forgot," I answered hastily. "We are going home this October. I'll be there and hard at work again. Would you let me know where to find you?"

"Yes," said the Countess Lucia, "I should, most gladly. But it is late. You need a good night's rest to be in trim for what may happen to-morrow." And she rose and gave me her hand as we said good-night. It took me considerable time, that good-night, and I forgot to relinquish the hand until the very end.

In spite of Lucia's warning I slept very little. The first sunbeam that slid over the eastern mountain-tops found me up and dressed. Since it was necessary to leave the trunk behind I filled my pockets with the most essential articles before I sallied out into the dim corridor. The castle was as still as the grave, and after some devious wanderings I found a door that let me into the courtyard. Escape seemed so ridiculously simple that I found myself whistling a merry tune as I strode toward the carriage house. The morning air was clear and crisp, and in spite of certain vague regrets my spirits mounted skyward. I even hoped that His Grace, the Duke, would look from his chamber window in time to see me coasting down the spiral road——

"Ah, good morning, Mr. Cole. I was on the point of sending some one to call you. I feared that you had forgotten our plan for an early run. Delightful morning, isn't it?"

This greeting came as I turned a corner and came face to face with my genial host. He had wheeled the automobile out into the yard and was ensconced in the front seat. In the tonneau were two burly retainers, grim and surly as their master was debonaire and gay.

The Duke observed my glance and grinned. "The country is wild," he explained, half apologetically, "and it is best to be prepared for anything from brigands to landslides."



Resistance was out of the question. I could only make the best of a humiliating situation. To hide my chagrin, I leaned over and started the motor. The engine began to chook-chook, I stepped in beside the Duke, grasped the steering wheel and pushed the starting lever.

Before we reached the bottom of the hill I am sure that the two men behind would have given all they owned, even to their gaudy liveries and their wealth of hair and beard, for the privilege of being safe home. It was a mean revenge to take, for they were only obeying orders and the cause of it all enjoyed my reckless driving. As the rapidly moving vehicle bounced over whatever the Carinthians call thank-you-mams, the Duke sat clinging to the side with his plump face full of supreme content.

I was in a very ugly frame of mind, and sent the car along



"MR. COLE. WILL YOU TAKE ME WITH YOU?"

until we fairly flew over the ground, sometimes on four wheels and sometimes on three. The Duke's satisfaction maddened me, and as we emerged from the pine trees and a sharp curve appeared ahead I formed a desperate resolution.

"This turn looks dangerous, Your Grace," said I; "had you not better warn your men?"

"O, yes—let me see—we should lean out, shouldn't we? No, in—no, out, I mean. Which is it, Mr. Cole?" said the Duke appealingly.

"Lean out as far as you can," I replied heartlessly.

He turned and communicated this valuable information to the servants, who hastily did as they were bid. When we reached the curve they and their master were hanging half out of their seats on the left side. It was risky to take the turn at full speed, but fearing



failure worst of all I kept my foot off the brake and we skidded around in a fine cloud of dust. The outside wheels left the road entirely and the car came within an ace of sliding into the ditch. It recovered itself on the verge and spun away at right angles to our former course, leaving three of its passengers behind.

Any one acquainted with the tremendous pull of centrifugal force in rounding a sharp curve at high speed can understand what happened. Being braced the wrong way, my host and his two guards shot out of their places like stones from a sling and landed clear across the ditch in a big haycock. Considerably relieved to see them rise with an alacrity that bespoke their safety, I turned my attention to the road ahead and left them. For a quarter of a mile they raced after me, while the Duke commanded, and then entreated me to stop, until another bend in the road put a clump of trees between us.

And now ho! for the Adriatic! Somewhere off to the south it lay, with Venice my destination, at its head. With good roads and weather, it was a two days' run. In Venice was the American Consul, who, in view of the Countess' letter, was an important and enviable personage.

But my envy of this unconscious officer was short lived, for an excellent reason: Shortly after well-kept turf and a multitude of flags, sign-boards and markers told me that I was passing through the Duchess' golf course, I discovered two players. Fifty yards nearer and they proved to be women, fifty more and I recognized the Duchess Theresa and the Countess. The former's passion for the game had brought them out to enjoy a round while the grass was yet drenched with dew.

At this point the elder lady's voice arose in shrill, angry tones, and I began to doubt the enjoyment. The poor Countess appeared to have committed some serious offense, if her companion's attitude and gestures indicated the truth. They stood on a green bordering the road, so absorbed in the affair on hand that I approached without attracting their attention. The Duchess' words flowed faster and shriller and her gestures became more violent until I drew up opposite just in time to witness a distressing climax. In a paroxysm of rage the old lady swung her hand and smacked the girl squarely across the cheek. So much for manners on a mountain estate in Carinthia!

The young girl flushed fiery red, dropped her putter where she stood and turned away without a word. It was one of the situations

where a man can only sit and curse his helplessness. Here was gross indignity heaped upon the girl I longed to serve and my presence could only increase her embarrassment. Yet it turned out that I was not as powerless as I believed.

When Lucia faced about and saw me so near at hand she showed neither surprise nor confusion. With her proud chin well up and her blue eyes dark with anger, she came straight toward the car.

"I won't endure it any longer," she declared, as I stepped down and met her. "Mr. Cole, will you take me with you to your mother and Grace?"

"Take you with me!" I repeated—"to Grace!"

"Yes; Grace was one of my dearest friends at school. Haven't you heard her speak of Lucia Connaught?"

"Of course, I have," I replied, recovering from the shock. "I've even seen your picture. Why on earth didn't I recognize you before? But how could I expect to find you here—and a countess?"

"It is strange, isn't it?" said Miss Connaught, with signs of returning good nature. "My case is just like yours. Probably the Duke would have made you a count, or something, if you had stayed and amused him with your automobile, as I have pleased the Duchess with my golf."

"And they dared to keep you here against your will?" I exclaimed. "Why didn't you tell me all this last night?"

"Because I knew you would want to carry me off," she answered, "and I didn't want to burden you. That letter you were to give our Consul explains everything; and he would have sent after me in a few days. I thought I wouldn't mind waiting a little longer. They have been kind enough."

"What I just saw was a sample of their kindness, I suppose?"

"Oh, the Duchess is that way only when she plays golf. She is quite insane about the game, I'm sure. I came here to spend a week early in the summer, and after she learned that I golfed she refused to let me go. I am an orphan, you know, and there was nobody at home to wonder why I didn't return. Of course, I wrote to my friends and to the American Embassy at Vienna, but the letters must have been intercepted here, for they never were answered."

Amazed, amused, indignant as I was, the remembrance that she had asked me to take her away with me was uppermost in my

thoughts. So for fear she might repent of her determination, I lost no time in assisting her into the car.

"Are you quite sure you don't mind taking me?" she asked as I seated myself beside her. "This is the first time the Duchess ever struck me; but I couldn't tell when she might do it again. She has grown terribly jealous of my playing," she added, half apologetically.

My answer might have been something foolish had not a shout from the rear caused us to look quickly around. Duke Joseph was approaching at wonderful speed for one of his build, in his eagerness having outstripped both of his men, who lumbered far behind.

"Stop, stop!" he shouted. "Oh, my good sir, don't leave me. You can't mean to leave me. Think of the delightful runs we had planned to take together."

"Oh, Lucia, forgive me! Only stay and I'll never speak another cross word!"

This last was from the Duchess, who had planted herself directly in our way. Her husband, meanwhile, flung himself upon the car and clutched one of the rear tires with a grip that threatened to squeeze out the air.

Now was my chance for a play to the grand-stand—Miss Connaught. Rising in my seat, I bowed to the rear and to the front, and spoke as follows:

"Most noble lord and lady, the entertainment you have extended was most hospitable; think not that we failed to appreciate it. But since Miss Connaught here believes that she has taught the Duchess all the golf she can ever learn, and since my ambitions soar above the job of ducal chauffeur—and especially since I perceive your husky retainers limping toward us, we feel that we must leave you. Kindly let go, Your Grace, or I shall jerk you over the fence. Duchess, be so good as to stand aside, unless you desire to be knocked as flat as a German joke."

This speech, concluded with a terrific shriek of the siren, alarm made the old lady skip out of our path and the Duke release his hold and fall back, both with their hands over their ears. Then, none too soon, for the two giants were close upon us with murder and sudden death in their faces, I pushed the lever as far over as it would go and the car leaped forward.

As we sped toward the Adriatic the tender-hearted lady beside me turned and comforted the Duchess with this parting message:

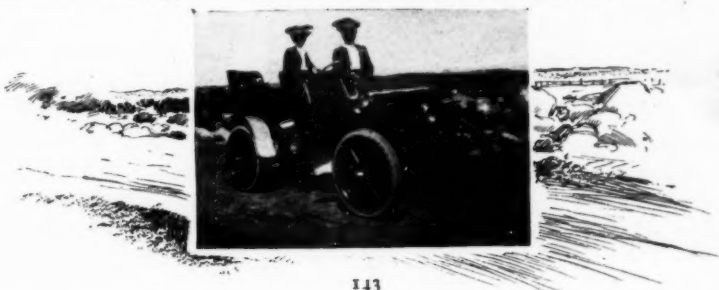
"You win the match; I resign."



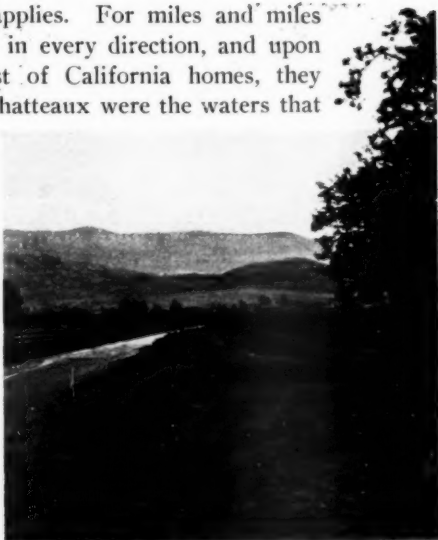
By S. D. Walden

**S**ANTA BARBARA, in California, has been called the Nice of America. This is nice of the callers, and I can conceive of no higher compliment to Nice than to thus declare it upon a parity with this, to me, ideal resort, upon the shores of the Pacific ocean. It has never been my good fortune to have visited Nice as it has been to have visited Santa Barbara, so I am, therefore, unable to pass a personal opinion upon the correctness of the comparison between the American Nice and the French Nice.

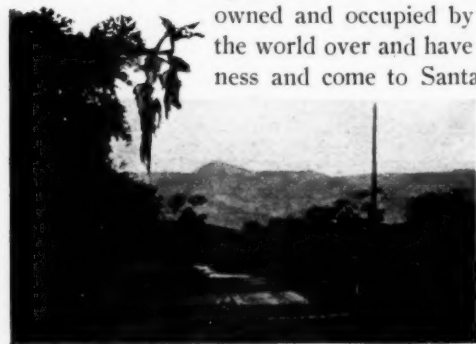
Of one thing I am certain, in Santa Barbara we have no mistral. Safely sheltered by a range of mountains which, beginning a little north of Los Angeles, follows the coast line until Santa Barbara is reached, around which it makes a semi-circle, then again reaches the coast line to the north and west; the protection thus given insures to the happy dwellers of this terrestrial paradise perpetual sum-



mer in all that the term applies. For miles and miles grand estates stretch away in every direction, and upon them are seen the finest of California homes, they would be called castles or chateaux were the waters that they look out upon those of the Mediterranean in place of the broad expanse of the mighty Pacific ocean; beautiful churches, country clubs, old missions dating back to the times of the Spanish adventurers, and hotels, which elsewhere, would be declared palaces. So much man has done, but Nature has fairly outdone herself in lavishing upon this garden



ALL ROADS APPEAR TO LEAD TO THE  
MOUNTAINS



AN EXAMPLE OF A STRAW ROAD

of the world a perfect riot of climatic, floral and scenic charms such as I do not believe can be duplicated elsewhere in the world. That I am not over enthusiastic in this opinion is perhaps best proven by the fact that the magnificent estates which one sees everywhere are owned and occupied by men who have traveled the world over and have in the end given up business and come to Santa Barbara to live the re-

mainder of their lives, because they have not elsewhere found an abiding place so beautiful, restful and healthy. In this land of perpetual sunshine one may golf, automobile, ride horseback, bathe

or follow any one of the multitude of outdoor pleasures which are possible all the year round. The beach makes a splendid promenade and with the exception of one or two rocky points which jut out into the sea, making a climb necessary, consists mostly of sloping

sand. To a new arrival all of the roads appear to lead to the mountains, but this is really an optical illusion. One of the photographs was taken to show the mountains melting into the morning mist. This comes off the ocean early but is gradually lifted by the breeze and finally consumed by the sun. The roads, during the greater part of the year, are very dusty, as it is not an uncommon thing for five months to pass without rain. In order, however, that pleasure may be still derived from riding and driving, large quantities of crude oil are sprinkled upon them, which welds the loose dust into a good, hard pavement. In some localities remote from towns, the straw roads about which the newcomer hears with more or less of an



idea that his hosts are inclined to take advantage of his powers of belief, consist of a layer of five or six inches of straw thrown on the loose sand to prevent the dust being raised and the wheels from sinking into it. One would hardly imagine without first having tried it that it would be a pleasure to recline upon the sands with a strong wind blowing off the ocean at the end of October. Yet, without this same wind, the heat would be too great for comfort. As a country for automobiles Santa Barbara holds a wonderful future, containing as it does so many people who are there for pleasure alone, and if there is any greater pleasure than sending a good automobile through a veritable Garden of Eden, I am free to confess

that I cannot well imagine what it is. You do this when you ride through the country, a few pictures of which I send you herewith to give you only the faintest ideas of its beauty. Some one has said that all good Americans go to Paris when they die; maybe they do, but the better ones take no chances; they live; and while they do they go to Santa Barbara; better than that, nothing to my mind could possibly be.



### Theory and Some Facts

**T**HE trouble with keeping a horse is that you are all the time buying hay and oats, and paying out wages for a man to take care of him, or to shoe, or to doctor, or to do something else for the animal."

Then Motormore deposited a few packages on the floor of the car, having previously filled the rack overhead with others.

"That's so," assented Reiner. Then, glancing at the varied assortment of bundles and packages belonging to Motormore, he ejaculated the single questioning word, "Moving?"

"No, no," replied Motormore. "I broke some spokes out of one of my driving wheels the other night, and so I'm taking home a gross of them, in order to be prepared for emergencies. That package contains a new tire, and here's a dozen French sparking plugs—great things, those; but each one of them costs as much as a canvas-back—and this is a new style steering wheel, and here's a muffler, and—"

"Say," retorted Reiner, quizzically, "you can usually buy hay at about \$20 a ton, can't you?"

And Motormore answered not, though he did kind of wish he had said nothing about an automobile having no appetite.



## Some Dry Battery Faults and Tests

By *Ralph Seton-Penseby, C. E.*

**T**O damn a battery and to blame it for everything that a motor does or fails to do is the privilege of every man who owns, runs or wants to own or to run an explosive engine of any kind. While the battery—the very heart of an explosive engine—is rightly blamed for many of the ills the automobile is heir to, it is not, however, guilty all the time. Perhaps if those who blame the battery most understood it better and their own failings more, we might have less complaints and better service all around. To aid in this much to be desired enlightenment, supposing we start right at the beginning.

The dry battery usually employed for spark-producing purposes on motors consists of numerous cells connected in series, the carbon terminal of one cell being connected by wire or brass strip to the zinc terminal of the next, and so on, so that at one end of the battery we have a free carbon terminal, and at the other end the zinc; a wire connecting these would complete a circuit, and if no active work or resistance be interposed the battery would quickly run down.

The carbon terminal is the positive point of high potential, and it is from this terminal of the battery that the current flows; hence the greatest care is necessary in conducting the current and in providing and maintaining proper insulation between this point and the resistance or work to be done, which, in the present case, is the excitation of the induction coil. The return, or "ground" wire, is commonly soldered or otherwise connected to some metallic portion of the vehicle, and the conductor from the zinc of the battery also connected at the nearest convenient point; thus the whole of the framework forms a common "ground" or return path for the current.

To return to the battery. In the case of dry cells, it is important to keep them *dry*, *i. e.*, to keep away rain or even moisture of the atmosphere, and to this end the rubber wrapping and the tightness of the joint in the battery case are important aids. Another factor having important bearing on the efficiency of the entire battery as a whole, is the insulation of one cell from another.

Many a failure might be traced to a leakage between two or more cells of the battery, such leakage having the effect of short circuiting or cutting out the cells affected, and, as the circuit is

closed continuously, the result is that such cells are rapidly spent and the whole battery thrown out as useless, so that the importance of perfect insulation within the battery is seen.

It is to be feared that in the majority of cases users are apt to treat the battery in its entirety, viewing it as one complete element and paying little or no attention to its constituent parts, this, however, is a fatal oversight. In the case of a battery made up of four or any number of cells, in the event of one cell being defective in

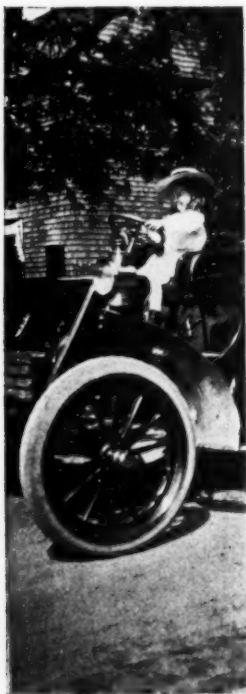
any way, the strength of the whole battery will be reduced to the level of that one cell because of the increased internal resistance.

Take, for example, a broken carbon or imperfect contact, the flow or current from the adjoining cells must pass through this, and the added resistance will seriously affect the output of the battery as a whole. The world circuit is too often looked upon as referring to the mere outer circuit from the battery carbon back to the zinc, but both continuity and insulation of that portion of the entire circuit contained within the battery itself is of equal importance.

In the first place, to take the single cell, I have shown that the current is generated by the consumption of zinc, and passes through the liquid or paste, leaving the cell by the carbon rod, and if a second cell be added, the current generated in the first will add pushing power to the current generated in the second, and so on. If a coil or some other form of resistance be interposed between the terminals of a single cell, then the current will cease to circulate,

but on adding more cells the increased voltage obtained is sufficient to overcome the resistance, and the best result is obtained when the internal resistance of the battery and the resistance due to work done in the outer circuit are nearly equal, the balance being on the battery side.

The total internal resistance of the battery being suitable to the work to be done in the outer circuit, it is important that no further internal resistance should be set up by a faulty cell; in other



words, that the internal resistance per cell be equal. Thus the current generated in the first cell must find a path through the other cells and the combined effort of the entire battery must find but one path to the work to be done, and the resistance in this path must be as low as possible, the path being confined by the insulation surrounding the conductor.

In the case of a battery unaccountably running down in a short time, careful examination should be made for short circuit within



LOOKING FOR TROUBLE AND FINDING IT

the battery, the separate cells should be detached and tested individually by the voltmeter, and it will occasionally happen (particularly with dry cells) that from some cause or other one cell is run down and so crippling the entire battery, which, in this case, would be restored by the addition of one cell. Another way of arriving at the same end in less time is to couple up the complete battery to the voltmeter, and complete the circuit first through one cell when two volts should be shown, then include two, when four volts should be given, and so on, and if the third should be a bad cell, it will be located by no movement on the part of the voltmeter.

## As a Symbol of Prosperity

**I**T is customary for the real estate dealers who exploit the numerous growing suburbs of this city to put on view illustrations of choice new streets and boulevards lined with comfortable villas surrounded by well-kept lawns and shaded by sheltering trees. Trim nurse girls are shown in the act of wheeling perambulators each containing a plump olive branch. This is to show the desirability of the neighborhood for those who contemplate the plunge into matrimony or who have taken it already.

A church spire points heavenward in the background to reassure those who may be anxious as to whether the district provides the necessary religious opportunities.

There is one feature that is never lacking in such landscapes nowadays. There may be no golf house with devotees of the ancient and royal sport scattered over the links. There may be no cyclists speeding along the alluring highway, but whatever may be missing, there are sure to be several automobiles of the most approved varieties, filled with gay parties, apparently dashing along at the rate of something like seventy-five miles an hour.

The motor carriage means a lot. It is a symbol of prosperity for one thing. It indicates gracefully that the persons who live thereabouts are well-to-do and keep abreast of the times. Perhaps we are coming to something like the gig idea to which attention was directed by the late Thomas Carlyle. He told the story of the man who was asked if another was respectable, and replied, "Yes, he keeps a gig."

So we may be coming to the condition in which to keep an automobile may involve not only a testimonial to one's love for quick travelling, but to one's prosperity and even respectability as well. One automobile garage in a neighborhood entitles it to boast the possession of social circles.

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## Obdurate

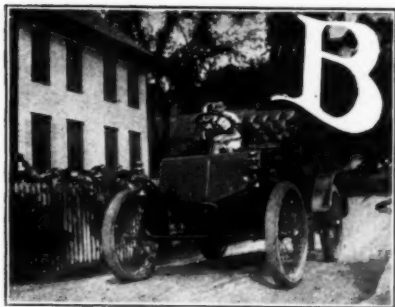
The Tempter found the chauffeuse quite deaf to his suggestions.

"Let us see how fast she can go," he whispered, as he might to a mere man.

"No," said the woman, firmly. "If I go more than thirty miles an hour, people will all say it is because this new fur coat I am wearing is not real Arabian colt skin!"

## Bringing Them Into Line

By Rodney S. Densmore



UNDERNEATH a smoky kerosene lamp the young man in the library of the automobile club was hard at work. He had a book in front of him, a pencil in his hand and a pile of manuscript at his elbow. His temperature seemed to be above normal and rapidly rising. The library, by the way, consisted principally of some shelves, a table and a name. There were a few books, but not many, and what there were lay on the table near the young man.

"It's a harder task than I thought," said the young man with a sigh, as a stranger with a guest's card sauntered in and took a seat. "Still, it has to be done, and that's all there is of it."

"What?" asked the visitor.

"This work that I am doing for the club," replied the young man. "You see," he went on, "as we want to keep up interest in the club, we thought we would establish a library of standard works for the use of the members."

"An excellent idea," asserted the visitor. Then he glanced at the bare shelves and asked: "Why didn't you do it?"

"Why didn't we do it!" repeated the young man, "I haven't been doing anything else all winter. I'm still doing it. If I have luck I'll have it done in five or six years."

"Have what done?"

"The revision of the standard authors. You don't suppose for a minute we could take them as they were, do you?"

"Why not?"

"Why not!" cried the young man. "You evidently haven't given the matter any thought. The first book we got was a copy of Shakespeare, and we pretty nearly had a riot the day it was delivered because one of the boys opened it at random and ran across the line in 'Richard III.': 'A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!' Nice kind of a thing to be lying around an automobile club, wasn't it? Some of the boys wanted to chuck the whole thing out of the window, but wiser counsel prevailed. Of course, we couldn't stand

any such absurd adulation of what everybody knows is a back number, but I suggested that 'auto' could be substituted for 'horse,' and the club decided to have the change made and let it go at that. The next day, however, some one discovered another quotation that was quite as bad, and then it was decided to appoint a librarian to revise everything purchased and keep out all improper and objectionable references."

"Quite a job," commented the visitor.

"Quite a job!" echoed the young man. "Well, I should rather think it was. They elected me librarian, and I've been at work all winter. And, do you know, it seems to me as if every old 'skate' who ever worked a quill was clean 'daft' on the subject of horses? However, I have made one stipulation with the club."

"What's that?"

"Walter Scott is barred. It's a tough enough job as it is, without tackling anything that is three-fourths horse. It's no easy task to get Shakespeare in shape, but Walter Scott would take a lifetime."

"Shakespeare ought not to be very hard," said the visitor. "He didn't go into the horse business to any great extent."

"Didn't he?" ejaculated the young man. "Listen to this:

" 'Anger is like

A full hot horse, who, being allowed his way,  
Self-mettle tires him.'

"Wow!" said the visitor.

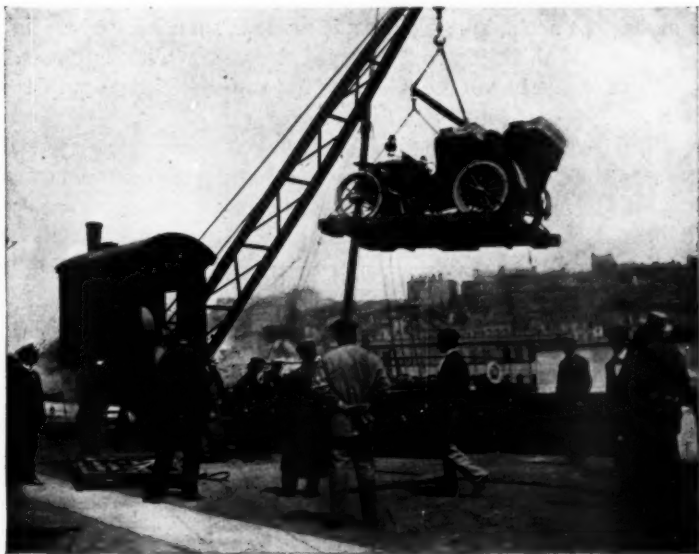
"Merely a sample," explained the young man. "The club was satisfied to have it read like this:

" 'Anger is like

A leaky wheel, which, being allowed to run,  
Soon has to be re-tired.'

"Some are right easy," he went on, "and some are mighty hard. Now, when Falstaff tackles the horse in 'Henry IV' it is a very simple matter to make him say: 'Hal, if I lie, spit in my face; call me an old-style three wheeler.' That has the advantage of being not only up to date, but much more expressive than the simple request to call him a horse. It conveys a deeper meaning. There is no need, however, of going right through Shakespeare with you. You will readily understand now that the revision was no picnic. Still, it was a good deal harder to fix up Laurence Sterne when he says,

in 'Tristram Shandy': 'I am sick as a horse.' 'I am as weak as faulty mixture' comes fairly close to it, but it is open to the objection that it seems like a reflection on the way we know how to run an automobile. Then we come to Byron, but he is comparatively easy. For instance, where he says in 'Childe Harold,' 'The waves bound beneath me as a steed that knows his rider,' it is the most natural thing in the world to make it read: 'The waves bound beneath me as a racing car on a boulevard.'



LOADING A CAR AT DOVER FOR SHIPMENT TO FRANCE

"But it's different with Tennyson," continued the young man, warming up to his subject. "He has this puzzler in 'Locksley Hall':

"'He will hold thee when his passion shall have spent its novel force  
Something better than his dog, a little dearer than his horse.'

"That presents two troublesome features. In the first place, it is absurd to speak of anyone or anything being held a little dearer than an automobile, and in the second the rhyme has to be altered. Nevertheless, I have fixed it to go like this:

"'He will hold thee in the future, when less passion he doth feel,  
Something better than his dog, not so perfect as an automobile.'



"Then the proverbs will have to be revised, too."

"Great Scott!" exclaimed the visitor.

"They're not at all what they should be, you know," persisted the young man. "It won't do to look a gift horse in the mouth these days. Instead, we must refrain from examining the sprocket of a gift vehicle. It's the same with the saying, 'While the grass groweth the horse starveth,' but that is easily changed to read: 'While the fuel lacketh the auto stoppeth.' Again, it will never do to intimate that 'a beggar on horseback will outride the devil.' He must do it on an auto or not at all. You see, it really is something of a job."

"I should think it was," returned the visitor with emphasis.

"But it ought to take well, don't you think?" inquired the reviser.

"Take well!" exclaimed the visitor. "If every man who owns an automobile doesn't get your revised edition of the standard authors all I have to say is that the motor fever isn't as severe as everyone believes it to be. Why, it ought to run through eight editions in one season."

### One Story Too High

"What were you on earth?" queried the guardian of the pearly gates, as the shade knocked upon them and demanded admission to the realm of eternal happiness.



"I was a chauffeur."

"Did you travel fast?" asked the guardian, showing no haste to swing open the gates.

"Fast?" repeated the shade, "I should say I did! Nothing ever passed me on the road, you may be sure of that."

"Ah! a scorcher?"

"That's what I was."

"Well," said the guardian, as from the gate he turned, "there's no scorching here. You belong to the floor below."

### Looking a Long Way Ahead

"I see by the daily papers that Edison is going to put on the market a storage battery which——"

"Yes, and I see, also, in the papers, that an English professor says the glacial period will return in 80,000 years."

# THE JACKMOBILE

**T**HE CUT herewith shows a new combination in design of horseless vehicle that is especially adapted for Winter use, known by the trade as the JACKMOBILE.

The motor is placed in front, according to the most approved French type, is air cooled, and having four impulses to each revolution, the vibration is entirely eliminated; motor is noiseless when in operation and will not race when vehicle is standing (or at any other time); is easily started from the seat by a quarter turn or twist of the lever (tail), seen at back of motor; speed changes are made by varying the number of strokes, or use of accelerator.

Like many other modern motors with high compression, there is a knack in starting so as to avoid a back kick. All bearings are automatically lubricated, being turned on with the starting and off with the stopping of the motor, without the attention of the operator, and fuel enough is carried for a six hours' run.

Running gear is very flexible and will adapt itself to any inequalities of the road. Will climb any grade that is accessible to horse drawn or motor vehicles. It is not affected by any existing speed laws; no license required. No patent applied for.



**A**LTHOUGH this vehicle did not take part in the New York and Boston contest, yet the motor shown in cut has been in operation several hours each day for some time, and has shown an enviable record. It never has been towed in, and has proved itself practically immune from tire troubles, heating, cutting or slipping clutches, spark and carburetor defects, hot boxes, stripped gears, etc.

The JACKMOBILE is the safest horseless vehicle for an amateur, and the automobile novice need fear no tiresome stops or enormous repair bills due to the breaking or refusing to operate of any intricate parts of the motor. It is an ideal vehicle for children and those who, when they grow up, expect to operate high powered machines.

The two boys in illustration, Hazen and Eric Woolson, aged four and five years, have operated their Jackmobile daily for some time, and have no further trouble than an occasional stop, caused by some peculiar freak of the motor.

To automobile agents and the trade, we would say that we have not exhibited the vehicle at either the New York or Chicago shows, because we have no stock for sale, and are not soliciting orders.

## The Jackmobile Co.

## Bugaboo of Back-Firing

*By Ralph Penoyer, M.E.*

**T**O build a gasoline motor is quite an ordinary accomplishment to-day. Time was when mystery was a foot deep all over the new power maker; but that was yesterday. To-day from Dan to Beersheba motors, big, little and betwixt and between, are made by Tom, Dick and Harry, which will operate fairly well most of the time. When it comes to propelling a vehicle, however, it is not enough that the motor does its duty in the majority of cases it is expected that it will meet the requirements of its employment virtually all the time. To make sure of it doing this most of the progress to motor construction which has been recorded during the past few years has consisted in apparently minor refinements, which, however, have all tended to the removal of those vexations irregularities in operation so well known to the pioneers in automobilism, and until this very day quite familiar to amateur constructors and to all unfortunates who purchase their products.

Back-firing has been one of the most common complaints of this order. Explosions in the muffler still remain in many of the large racing vehicles a tolerated evil, and the noise produced by them is even turned to account, sometimes, for spectacular effect. They are comparatively harmless, and may be avoided in all machines in which the explosive mixture admission can be throttled.

Explosions in the carbureter, or back-firing are more serious, and may be due to any one of a number of causes. Chief among these is an ill fitting exhaust valve, or a weakening of the exhaust valve spring. Other causes are such as a poor explosive mixture, bad condition of the admission valve, and belated ignition, due to disordered sparking device.

This is readily ascertained with a motor that runs idle without a governor; for back-firing may then in most cases be stopped by simply exerting a pressure on the flywheel, and in this manner creating a resistance for the motor to overcome.

Another experiment shows the forces with which one has to deal. Supposing an automobile with an ungoverned motor is run at high speed with advanced ignition, and the spark is then suddenly retarded. Immediately the regular cylinder explosions will cease, and a series of detonations in the admission pipe, or in the carbureter, will be heard. Then, as soon as the vehicle has lost some of its speed, the motor will again begin to operate normally.

A similar series of detonations is produced by coasting with the motor in mesh, with the transmission gearing and the spark retarded, and they will not cease until the vehicle speed is reduced to correspond with the timing of the spark.

Most of these troubles which beset automobilists in the earlier stages of the art have now been overcome, however, largely by the more extensive use of throttled mixtures, as well as improved workmanship in motors, and they are now little more than reminiscences of the crude construction of the past.



KING EDWARD'S NEW DAIMLER IN COURTYARD OF WINDSOR CASTLE

What happens if the exhaust valve does not operate as it should is about as follows: Suppose the valve remains slightly open after the suction stroke of the piston has commenced. The fresh mixture enters into the cylinder, but the burning gas from the exhaust pipe also returns through the valve leak and ignites the fresh gas, and the flames strike back into the admission pipe, and from there to the carbureter. With some constructions only the wire screen in the latter prevents an actual explosion from taking place, which might injure the device seriously.

If the admission valve fits badly, the compression stroke is likely to drive most of the gas charge out through the air inlet, and

when the spark is produced, after the piston has passed the dead center, a new suction is set up which opens the admission valve while the flame is propagated, and the fire will, under these circumstances, strike back into the carbureter, or as far as the wire screen. The same effect may be the result of piston leakage; in both cases only under conditions of retarded ignition, however.

When a motor is started, running free without load, and the spark is adjusted to take place at the dead center, it may happen that the motor gains so much speed from the first explosion as to cause the next explosion to occur very late during the second power stroke, and, if for some reason, the flame propagation is slow, the burnt gas will still be exceedingly hot at the third suction stroke, and will ignite the new charge while the admission valve is open. Naturally, a fat spark which causes quicker combustion will obviate this cause of back-firing.

If the mixture is too rich and contains particles of unvaporized gasoline, the latter will ignite by contact with the cylinder walls, and may burn with a constant flame, which will ignite a new incoming charge prematurely.

Back-firing rarely occurs when the automobile is running, but mostly when the motor is started or the automobile is stopped and the motor runs without load, and this because the sequence of piston movements is then likely to be irregular on account of the absence of a steadying resistance to the power generated.

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### Speed Triumphant

**M**AETERLINCK, that master of mysterious symbolism, has, in *Harper's Magazine*, thus described his experience in and with an automobile:

"I am lost among the impassable cornfields, whose myriad ears press forward, whispering eagerly, craning to see what my next step will be, while from among that undulating crowd the poppies nod their red heads and burst into a thousand-fold laughter.

"The hippogriff revives, gives it first snort of life, and then departs once more, singing its song. I conquer the plains, which bow down before me. Slowly do I turn the mysterious 'advance ignition' handle, and regulate as well as I can the admission of the petrol. The pace grows faster and faster; the delirious wheels send forth a shrill and eager cry.

"And at first the road comes moving toward me like a bride waving palms, rhythmically keeping time to some melody of gladness. But soon it grows frantic, springs forward, and throws itself madly upon me, rushing under the car like a furious torrent, whose foam dashes over my face; it drowns me beneath its waves; it blinds me with its breath. Oh, that wonderful breath!

"It is as though wings, as though myriad wings that one cannot see, transparent wings of great supernatural birds that dwell on invisible mountains swept by eternal snow, have come to encircle my eyes and my brow with their vast freshness. Now the road drops sheer, and the machine speeds before it.

"The trees, that for so many slow-moving years have serenely dwelt on its borders, shrink back in dread of disaster. They seem to be rushing one to the other, to approach their green heads, and in startled group to debate how to bar the way of the strange apparition.

"But as this rushes onward a great terror seizes them; they scatter and fly, each one eagerly seeking its own habitual place; and as I pass they bend tumultuously forward, and their myriad leaves, quick to the almost insensate joy of the force that is chanting its hymn, breathe in my ears the eloquent psalm of Space, admiring and welcoming the enemy that has hitherto always been vanquished, but now is triumphant—Speed."



ENGLAND'S LATEST, THE  
"SURTOUT MILITAIRE"

### Wasted Agony

A little, dignified-looking man was almost knocked down by a horse at 34th street and Broadway the other evening, and while brushing off his clothing let forth a stream of abuse.

"You ought to have the driver arrested," said a passerby.

"That's not what makes me mad," said the man, straightening up. "It's the idea of being run down by a horse when there are so many millionaire's automobiles in town!"



## His First Experience

*By George Ethelbert Walsh*

**T**HE keen, frosty air made faces tingle and invited every one with red blood in his veins to a rush up the avenue and out into rolling countryside where all nature was clothed in her garb of gray and somber browns. Vinton sniffed the air like an old war horse. He was an expert yachtsman, a mighty hunter, a cross-country rider, who could follow the hounds through any kind of going; but his first experience with an automobile was still a thing of the future. Stanton, his most intimate club friend, had invited him to take a trial trip with him, and as a further inducement he had whispered: "And She'll go along, too!"

Now She was a thorn—a rose-thorn, however—in the side of the two friends, and her very presence always stimulated both to their highest point of gallantry and happiness. One was bound to win her some day, but which one? The solution of that momentous question rested with fate, and none could foretell the fortuitous circumstances which might at any moment wrest the secret from her.

"You don't mind a little fast riding?" said Stanton, with a slight upward inflection in his voice, "for you know She insists on it, and I'm a—a—well, a little reckless when I get going. No use having a big racing car if you can't cut her loose once in a while."

Vinton snorted, and replied sharply: "You needn't waste your sympathies on me. Your red devil—as you call it—wouldn't hold a candle to my old brown timber-topper, who can take a hurdle ten feet high, and sail over a ditch in a fashion that would cripple your automobile for life. Why, that machine is tame in comparison to——"

"Never mind comparisons," interrupted Stanton. "Here comes the Girl now."

They both forgot past differences in their eagerness to welcome the newcomer. She was clad in furs from head to foot, and a thick veil was drawn up just enough to expose a part of her tilted nose and a pair of carmine lips.

"Such a glorious day for a ride," she gurgled. "And with such two gallant companions!"

This latter sentence was drawn from her as an acknowledgment of the services which both the men were offering to install her in the seat of honor beside the driver. This was her place, and Vinton



looked dark and threatening under his cap. He hated the automobile now, for it was a beastly custom to assign the fair passenger a seat alongside the steersman—right on top of endless wheels, levers and brakes. What did they want so many parts of the machinery sticking up above the foot-board, anyway? If he ever designed an automobile he would make one which would hide all of its machinery from view.

Just then his train of thought—bitter and reflective—was interrupted by a whirl and puff that caused him some uneasiness. He was sure that the machinery was out of order, for the tonneau wherein he was seated was vibrating and heaving like a ship at sea.

"Don't blow us up, Stanton," he said, with a slight sneer. "If you don't understand mechanics enough to run this thing let us know before you kill us. Is it going to blow up?"

"Of course, she isn't. Doesn't your jumper snort when it's getting ready for the fray? Well, that's what my steed is doing."

Then She looked calmly around at him, and, with a smile, added: "There is really no danger, Mr. Vinton."

This made him blurt out: "Of course not. I wasn't thinking of that. But our friend here is sometimes so reckless!"



There was metallic clicking and THE CORRECT THING IN COATS pumping, a kicking and jarring, and then a long-drawn whir-r-r, followed by a jerk which nearly dislocated Vinton's neck. Then they were off. After the start the motor seemed to settle down to a quieter pulsation, and Vinton's perturbations subsided.

"We'll run up the avenue," muttered Stanton to the one at his side, "and then strike the park and over to Riverside, and——"

"Heavens!" ejaculated Vinton. "That was a narrow shave. You'll land us in the police station before night."

"Oh, that was nothing," replied Stanton, operating about a dozen levers at once with such frantic haste that he looked like a monkey trying to grab all the nuts in a basket at the same moment. "I had a leeway of five inches. I once grazed——"

There was a shriek from the horn which made Vinton think

of the Montauk Point fog-horn. It sounded familiar to him, and he shouted mechanically: "Where away there on the port side!"

She giggled at this, and asked archly: "Did you think we were on a yacht? I thought so the first time I took a ride."

Stanton pursed up his lips to make some cutting remark, but just then he saw a bad spot in the road ahead. He twisted and turned the steering wheel, and the big red vehicle shot to the right, then to the left, and came down so sharply that Vinton gasped for breath. It took him some moments to recover, and he felt his neck gingerly, not sure that the bones were dislocated. He heard the Girl giggle, and Stanton mutter:

"That was a bad place in the road, but I avoided the worst of it."

"Good Heavens! What would the worst have been like? In his seat in the tonneau Vinton had a chance to recover from his shock without exciting attention, but he was pale around the lips. They had reached the park now, and they were rolling and swaying along at a speed that made him sick with apprehension. He was convinced now that he was riding with a man stricken with speed madness. He always suspected Stanton of mental weakness. Now for the sake of the Girl whom he loved he must do something.

"Aren't you go—go—ing—a bit—too——"

Vinton had difficulty in getting the words out between each wild forward lurch and bump, but Stanton answered with apparent ease: "Don't be afraid, old man. We're all right. I'm just rating her along easy like. Wait till we get out into the country and then I'll let her out a bit."

Vinton looked at the Girl. She was calm and smiling sweetly and composed. She did not realize her danger. Her veil was floating behind her and whipping his face, but he didn't mind that. The perfume which she always irradiated was swept back to him in a bewildering cloud, and the intoxication of it made him reckless.

"All right!" he said. "Let her go! You can't send her along too fast for me. I'm an old yachtsman, and rider——"

The sudden application of the brakes slowed them down with a jerk, and then they rolled along at a much more modest pace. "That's to fool the policeman ahead," said Stanton. "He's always stationed at this park entrance, and has arrested ten fellows in the past month for fast riding. I don't want to go up yet. We haven't had our ride."

They were the meekest sort of party as they passed out of the park and started toward the Riverside. When this had been

reached the speed was increased, and in two minutes they were rushing toward the country at a pace which fractured speed ordinances at every turn of the wheels. Vinton gasped for breath again, clutched frantically at his cap, and grasped the sides of the tonneau with the disengaged hand. Once he saw the Girl sway backward and sideways. He forgot everything else and caught her.

"For heaven's sake, Stanton, go slower!" he shouted. "You nearly threw Her out——"



Mlle. LIANE DE POUGY

"Oh, no," was the sweet protest. I was simply giving myself up to the luxury of the swaying car. It always makes me dreamy and reflective. I could almost fall asleep with the motion."

Vinton sat back and gritted his teeth. Could it be possible that it required time to get used to this infernal motion? He remembered his first experience on the deck of a yacht. He did not have his sea legs then. Probably there were sea legs to be acquired to enjoy an automobile ride. If so he would set himself about the work at once. He would not be outdone by any one in any sport. Come what might now he would show no white feather. Did Stanton plan this ride just to show off his fear and weakness to the Girl they

both loved? It was a contemptible trick; but he would turn the tables on him. He would be the bravest and most reckless of the party, and in the moment of danger he would be ready to save Her.

They were now bowling along through the suburbs, making nearer thirty miles an hour than fifteen. Vinton wasn't exactly sure as to the exact rate of speed they were going at, but he knew it made him sick to look at the ground rising up ahead of them, and then rushing in the strangest manner directly under the car. Why the road didn't hit them as it towered up ahead of the machine, he couldn't for the life of him understand. Some day he would figure it all out, but for the present he would enjoy himself, and show the other two of what stuff he was made.

"Why don't you let her go faster?" he asked suddenly, leaning forward to make his voice audible above the roar and rush of the wind. Stanton partly turned in his seat and tried to look contemptuously indifferent. "Why I believe my jumper could go as fast as this," he continued.

The eyes of the Girl were on him, and they shone with admiration.

"I know my steam yacht could beat this pace?" he went on, encouraged by the eyes. "Suppose you let me handle the thing, Stanton. My nerves are steadier than yours. A man who has sailed a yacht and followed the hounds as I——"

A sudden swerve to avoid a collision with the tail end of a funeral cut short the sentence, and after recovering his poise Vinton added: "Don't be reckless. There's a difference between bravery and dare-deviltry. If I had the control of the machine now I'd put up to a decent gait, and yet run no risk——"

"Why, Mr. Vinton, do you know what our speed is?" queried the Girl with sudden interest and concern.

"It must be at least eight or ten miles an hour," he responded breathlessly, vainly trying to appear calm. The wind persisted in taking his breath away when he wanted to speak, and the jolting of the car drowned his voice in a confusion of noises that mystified him.

"Are you sure, Stanton, that you saw that everything was all right before you started? It sounds as if something was wrong under me."

The first smile then illuminated Stanton's face, and he answered hastily: "Oh, yes, don't be afraid. If we ever should blow up it will be along the line of least resistance, and that is backward."

"I'm glad you had the forethought to place yourself in the safest position. It's very thoughtful of you."

"Would you have me put Her there?" was the answer, followed by a sweeping nod of the head.

"Not for the world; but if you needed a buffer you might have selected a coachman, or somebody——"

"You said you were not afraid of anything on wheels, and I took you at your word."

"I'm not. Your red devil has no terrors for me. My only object in coming along was to see that you didn't lose control——"

"Look out!"

The words were hardly out of Stanton's mouth before they whirled down a narrow roadway where the drooping branches of the trees whipped and snapped in their faces. Heads were ducked and caps drawn further down over the faces. Then the vehicle struck a series of bumps and uneven surfaces in the roadway. For a brief moment none of the party could speak or gain their lost breath. Then a strange thing happened; Stanton tugged viciously at the levers, turned the wheel, sounded the horn and danced up and down as if possessed. The machine meanwhile leaped forward in a series of violent jumps which soon made the speed a perfectly dizzy one.

"Don't go crazy, man," advised Vinton. "What are you dancing for? Use your head more and your heels less."

But this admonition was unheeded. Between a few muttered imprecations, Stanton made known to his companions that the machine would not respond as it should, but was running away in spite of all his efforts to shut off power.

"Steer her straight and don't get excited!" shouted Vinton desperately, not yet realizing the danger. "We'll come to a halt some time. All you've got to do is to keep her straight in the middle of the road."

Stanton said something which sounded too emphatic for repetition, and dropped a vague hint about the sharp turn in the road ahead, but no one seemed to heed him. The girl was too frightened to hear, and Vinton too confused to



understand. The latter realizing the agitation of the Girl, tried to soothe her.

"It will all come out right," he said. "If I only had hold of the levers and brake I would save you. Why don't you put on the brake?"

There was no opportunity for a reply. The turn in the road appeared. Stanton tried to bring the red monster around a right-angled corner, and instead of doing it he skidded the car and its contents straight across the roadway, and landed all hands into a ditch of mud and water. The heavy wheels of the car churned the mud and whirled around for a few moments, throwing mud and ditch water into the air in a beautiful splatter. Then it stopped and sullenly shook and hissed.

Stanton's nerve had really prevented them from a serious disaster. Vinton felt himself lifted out of the tonneau and hurled through the air so violently that he was not sure whether he would ever stop again. But he finally dropped into a mushy bed of water and soft earth, and sank at least a foot beneath the surface. This sudden impact with the earth was immediately succeeded by another from above which nearly destroyed all his lung and muscular power. He thought the machine had turned over and landed on him.

He closed his mud-spattered eyes and groaned. Then he heard a feminine shriek. He opened his eyes, and realized that it was the Girl, and not the machine atop of him. He had acted as an excellent buffer to her, and she was apparently neither injured nor soiled by the mud and water. His instinct of gallantry returned, and with wonderful fortitude, he said, holding the Girl in his arms so the mud could not reach her dress:

"I will hold you safe. Don't be alarmed! It's all over!"

Then rising with difficulty from the mud he carried her to a safe place. From his vantage position in the stranded vehicle, Stanton ground his teeth with rage. The dripping figure across the ditch was to be envied more than words could tell. He knew that the amateur's luck was with Vinton, and that the Girl was won.

"Don't leave me," he heard her plead.

"Never," was Vinton's earnest answer. "I shall stand by you until the last. If I had only been in front where I could have helped you better and have controlled the machine!"

"Yes, if you only had been!" she murmured.

Stanton groaned. He knew that he had lost.



## Making of An Expert

**T**HEY begin early to-day. Time was when strong men shirked the ordeal of learning how to manage a motor vehicle; to-day babes in arms, or those but one degree removed therefrom, not only cry for the opportunity to manipulate a mechanically-propelled vehicle, but when their cries bring them the sought-for opportunity quickly demonstrate that driving a motored conveyance is literally "child's play."

That there is no exaggeration in all of this, witness Master Hubert Ogden, born August 25, 1899, who has for all of his short three and one-half years of life been an "enthusiastic and expert chauffeur."

Young Mr. Ogden has up to this time confined most of his au-  
tomobiling to the public streets and



suburban roadways of Columbus, Ind., at which place his father, Mr. Dore Ogden, is the manager of the Western Union Telegraph Company, and to whose mechanical skill the builders of the clever little vehicle shown herewith is due.

The vehicle is driven by a  $1\frac{1}{4}$  H. P. motor placed in front. The fuel tank, located under the seat, is of one-half gallon capacity, which amount of gasoline gives the little carriage close to a 30-mile radius of action, at a speed capable of being varied from one to seven miles an hour.

In every detail the automobile, small as it is, is a perfect reproduction of those used by "grown folks." The running gear is 38



inches long and from the ground to the seat is 26 inches. The wheels are 20 inches in diameter, with  $1\frac{1}{2}$ -inch pneumatic tires. The weight of the machine, complete, is about 75 pounds.

Young Master Ogden is not only capable of directing the vehicle under way, but he can start and stop the motor at will, and as a further protection he at all times rides with his feet upon a powerful leverage brake acting on the band of the equalizing gear on the rear axle.

While the age of this chauffeur may be a trifle below the average at which most men are deemed competent to manage a motor vehicle, it certainly demonstrates beyond all cavil that the handling of an automobile is not a thing so complex that only mechanical geniuses or trained engineers may hope to successfully accomplish it.

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### What One "Recorder" Did

**J**OHN ALEXANDER is an old-time engineer who has become an enthusiastic automobilist. He finds it hard to restrain himself from running beyond the legal restrictions of speed and occasionally has a little friction with the minions of the law.

One day he was making his way through a village of automobile haters and a policeman stopped him, intimating that he was exceeding the legal speed and would have to go to the court house to interview the judge.

"I have not exceeded the legal speed of eight miles an hour!" exclaimed John, "and I can prove it."

"How can you prove how fast you were going?"

"Do you see that case?" pointing to a big cyclometer. "That's a speed recorder. Inside is a ribbon that moves with the motor and marks are put on it to show exactly how fast the automobile is going. You take me to the magistrate and I shall open that case and I bet you the drinks that it will show eight miles an hour since I came into your town."

The guardian of the law looked puzzled. Then he began saying "Speed recorder! speed recorder!"

"Never heard of such a thing before," he muttered, "but, say, you people seem to be getting things down fine. You better go on with your blamed speed recorder."

## The Paris Show

By *A. F. Sinclair*

**A**S the most important exhibition of self-propelled vehicles in the world, the Paris automobile show has always, from its inception, been a success, but never to the same extent as on the recent occasion. The large attendance of American and British visitors was freely commented upon, and one of the French trade papers described this attendance as the dominant note of the show. Others found the dominant note elsewhere as shall be mentioned later on.

The Grand Palace is a very fine building and would be an ideal edifice for such a display were it not for two defects: the nature of



the floor and the method of not heating it. That such a splendid building in the so-called "center of civilization" should have a mud and gravel floor, and that it should be heated by means of charcoal stoves scattered throughout the building, are facts which seem a little incredible, but facts they are, nevertheless, as the photograph herewith but too plainly proves. The dust caused by crowds of people moving over the floor was considerable, and was extremely irritating, even when the attendance was normal; but when on Sunday 60,000 people visited the show, it was simply stifling.

The display of cars left nothing to be desired, but it has been maintained that accessories were not altogether so well represented

as last year. One notable absentee was the Michelin tire. The Michelin Company have always hitherto occupied a space of considerable extent in the body of the hall, but this year the administration decided that they must house themselves with commoner tires in the gallery. "We have plainly refused to exhibit under such conditions," say the firm in a letter to the press. Thus do the successful wax proud and kick.

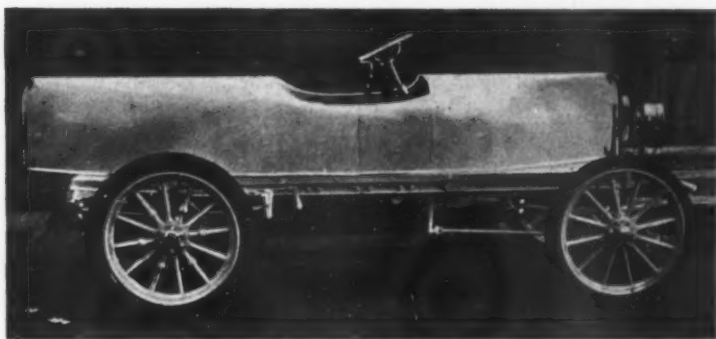
The exhibitors numbered about 800, being 200 more than last year, and as the increase was solely in vehicles, the body of the building was taxed to its full extent. Indeed, the space allotted was in many cases less than applied for and some late applicants could not obtain show room at all.

As a mere display, a combination of art and mechanism, the show has never been approached by anything that preceded it. Some of the firms are stated to have accorded their decorators *carte blanche* on the question of expense, and the decorative effects produced by these artists were really very fine. And the interest was not confined to the display within the building, or the inanimate objects on view. The animated, ever vivacious French visitors, intelligently interested, voluble in question, or in supplying information; the stirring scene without the building, where hundreds of motor vehicles of all sizes and descriptions were found waiting for their owners or moving about, arriving or departing, made up a brilliant *senic tout ensemble* which probably could not be equalled outside of Paris.

So far as the cars were concerned there was found a very decided advance on the 1902 types shown at last winter's exhibition; indeed, it has been claimed that a bigger stride forward was accomplished during the elapsing year than in any recent similar period of the automobile's history, and it was in connection with this advance that the true dominant note of the show was found.

Last year the Cannstatt Daimler Company brought out the Mercedes-Simplex, the distinguishing features of which were great range of speed, silence in running, a single stamped steel U-shaped frame, magneto ignition, mechanically operated inlet valves, and a vertical faced honey comb radiator. The French makers have generally adopted one or the other of these features in their 1903 design, and some of them have copied them almost entirely. The consequence of this wholesale imitation was a recognition of the probability that in the future the show would be known as the "Mercedes" Salon.

Some of the more important improvements were those mentioned, viz.: the new single frame, use of mechanical inlet valves and magneto ignition, while some of the disappearing devices found absent were surface carburation, the air-cooled motor (except for motor cycles) and belt transmission, with the same exception. Even the Benz people, who have been singing the praises of the belt and the horizontal motor for years, have discarded both in favor of a vertical motor, spur-wheel change speed gear and a shaft drive throughout. Another generally accepted improvement noticed was direct driving on the top speed, while yet another was the use of expanding sectors in lieu of the usual cone clutch.



SERPOLLET'S LATEST FREAK—LE TORPILLEUR

Here it may be observed that these remarks have, of course, reference entirely to petrol or gasoline motors, and, indeed, there were so few, comparatively, of electric and steam propelled vehicles, that they did not seem to be reckoned on. Covered cars were more numerous than heretofore, and bodies were generally roomier, attributable, no doubt, to the general increase of horse power in the motors. This increase was due to the adoption of two, three and four cylinder motors generally, the single cylinder being apparently at a discount. One motor was shown having eight steel cylinders with valves all mechanically operated. This engine was exhibited by the C. G. V. firm, who claim that with it gearing can be dispensed with, the speed being regulated by cutting out the cylinders as required. Steel cylinders were also found in some other motors, giving a neat though somewhat slender aspect.

One military car shown was fitted with wireless telegraph apparatus, for field use; while another had a genuine metal tonneau

(tub) in which a Hotchkiss machine gun was mounted. The latter was also a C. G. V. vehicle. Among the steam vehicles, of which there were but four makes on view, M. Serpollet exhibits a 40 H. P. racing machine with a body like an overturned boat, which he has named *Le Torpilleur*.

The majority of the cars shown were, of course, French, but the poor display made by other countries was rather remarkable. Belgium made about the best appearance with several firms, including the new Belgica car builders; Germany was represented by the Benz, and the 1902 type of Mercedes. The new type of the last-named vehicle will not be seen by the public till Nice week. Italy made a first appearance with the cars of the Fabbrica Italiana di Automobili di Torino, briefly called the F. I. A. T., or Fiat cars. These cars received a good deal of attention on account of their success in a contest in Portugal during the summer. Britain was represented by the Wolseley and the Napier cars, the latter receiving much notice on account of its success in the Gordon-Bennett contest.

Regarding this stand, *The Autocar*, the organ of the English automobile industry, says: "By this exhibit our French friends have an opportunity of observing what the best English talent can produce, while attaining all that is necessary in solidity, lightness and simplicity." What that sentence means exactly, I am not prepared to say, for it is not conspicuously lucid, but, anyway, the meaning can scarcely be in agreement with that of L. Baudry de Saunier, who, in *La Locomotion*, says of the same stand: "The English exhibit Napier cars as the *least poor* specimens of their manufacture, cars sufficiently little attractive, having a dull, weary aspect, as if they heartily wished the show was over so that they might have a rest." It all depends on the point of view, of course.

The Wolseley company in showing their cars, in which horizontal motors are the distinguishing feature, showed business-like ability in distributing a booklet in French containing a description and views of their works at Adderley Park, Birmingham. One of the statements in this brochure is interesting. It is to the effect that the company are turning out ten cars weekly, that they have orders in hand for 800 cars of £300,000 value. Now, such statements offer little inducement to buyers. Ten cars weekly, means eighty weeks, or a year and a half, to fulfil existing orders. Other British exhibits were Thorneycroft steam lorries, Brush electric vehicles and Humber motor cycles. America was represented by the Locomobile

alone, a state of things scarcely creditable to the rapidly increasing American section of the industry.

One need not be much of a prophet to predict that a few years will make a very great difference in both the American and the British sections. Indeed, French makers are already awake to the struggle which is before them, and whereas in past years English-speaking buyers had to depend on their own knowledge of French, or that of friends, to glean information about the machines, this year there was a distinct effort recognizable to cater for their trade, and few stands were without the notice, "English spoken."

To sum up, the show was a huge success, whether considered as a mere spectacle, as a business like exhibition of machines, from an attendance point of view, but especially from the amount of business transacted. As has already been suggested, it will in future be



A FRENCH STEAM VEHICLE TO TRANSPORT RACE HORSES

known as the German, or Mercedes Salon, from the fact that the French makers had very generally gone to that country or machine for inspiration.

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### Get a New One

To keep a chain too long is false economy. It never pays to use it after it has been necessary to remove a link, and even before it has stretched to this extent it will have got seriously out of pitch. A chain which is out of pitch causes extra friction and extra wear. It is far better and safer to have a new one.



## How to Breathe

*By Eva S. Pendleton, M.D.*

**W**ATCH ten different men, you will find that almost every one has his own method of breathing in cold air. One man refrains from breathing through his nose at all, and breathes through his mouth, warming the air before he takes it into his lungs—and that is a very bad plan.

Another man will hold a handkerchief over his nose and mouth, and feel happy because he is taking in about one-quarter of the oxygen he needs.

A third man dashes out of his house, going from a very hot room into the freezing air and filling his lungs to their fullest capacity. He is even more foolish than the others, as he runs the risk of a sudden and serious chill through contraction of the lung cells.

Each man, of course, must regulate for himself the amount of cold air which he can safely take into his lungs. No man should ever breathe through his mouth under any circumstances, particularly when running through the atmosphere as in the case of driving an automobile. The nose is wonderfully adapted to the breathing work which it has to do. It separates the air from its impurities, dust and so on, and can at will regulate the supply admitted to the lungs.

If you leave a hot room and go into the cold air, you can inhale little by little through the nostrils until you no longer feel any extreme coldness. At the end of five minutes the lungs will have adjusted themselves to the lower temperature, and you can breathe as comfortably and as deeply as in warm weather.

Experiment with this on the next very cold day, and don't breathe through your mouth, anyhow. Breathing through the mouth brings all sorts of germs directly into contact with the unprotected mucous membrane, and it is largely responsible for colds, sore throat and consumption.

Automobilists spend considerable thought and no small amount of money as well in trying to properly regulate the amount of air they admit into a carbureter, which is but another name for the lungs on a motor, but they show no such consideration for their own lungs, and in a short time the lay press will be out with scare head articles telling how the automobile is responsible for all sorts of lung and throat diseases. Nothing of this kind will happen if automobilists will only think as much of the needs of the human machine as they do of those of the one in which it is their pleasure to ride.

## Proper Field for the Factory Expert

*By Robert Bruce*

**T**HE custom of depending upon the manufacturer or his representative to look after the setting up as well as the first operation of a high-priced piece of machinery has been growing of late years. In some long established lines either the requirements of the work itself or the usages of the business determine the point; otherwise, as in connection with the sale of automobiles, it is a matter of special arrangement between the parties. While not a stated privilege of the purchaser or a strictly defined responsibility of the seller, it is frequently an expectation of the former, and an



A DURYEA IN FAIR JAPAN

evidence of liberal policy on the part of the latter. Like many other things which go largely by favor, the practice has its uses and abuses, of which the latter may become in time the more conspicuous.

Special advantages may naturally accrue from sending a man who is practically acquainted with the methods and details of design, construction and repair of any line from the manufacturing headquarters to the different agencies. This is particularly the case where the manager and salesmen have not had the opportunity—or the enterprise—to go to the factory. This sort of mis-

sionary work is not only appreciated by the progressive agent, but it may often be the means of carrying the maker's methods to the agents and through them reach individual purchasers. This is doubly important where a man handling several kinds of automobiles is inclined to move along the lines of least resistance and to forget that he is, after all, a part of the factory's larger organization. That a machine's local reputation is made or unmade largely by the policy and methods of the men who come in personal contact with the public, is a matter of common observation.

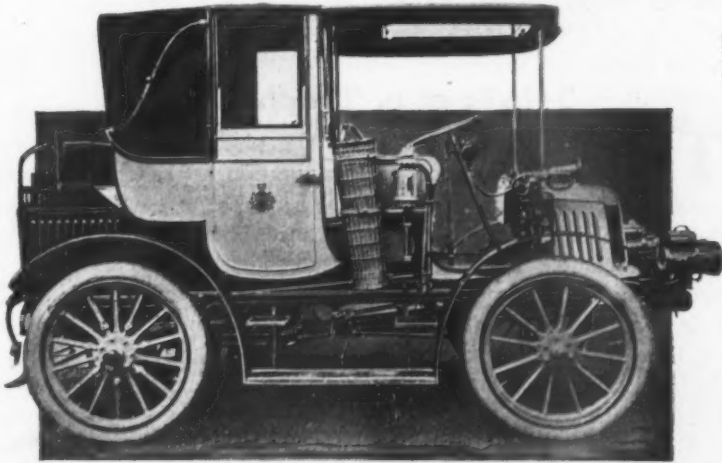
Automobile manufacturers should assure themselves at the beginning that their representatives either have or can acquire the knowledge and experience essential to a satisfactory handling of their interests; and then give them all reasonable latitude. The agent's right to ask for and expect assistance from the factory when he is unable to master a subsequent difficulty is conceded. As a matter of fact, too many are apt to look for that sort of thing without first ascertaining what the trouble is and whether or not they can correct it by themselves. It sometimes happens that the purchaser makes a complaint and the agent, simply knowing that something is wrong and a valuable customer at stake, calls upon the maker to send an expert immediately.

Under such circumstances the first duty of the agent is rather to thoroughly examine the machine himself or have a competent employee do so, and see if the fault cannot be corrected by either of them. Only when he and his local staff are confounded and find themselves unable to fix the machine so that it satisfies the owner, should the manufacturer be troubled about it at all. Even then the question whether shipment of the affected part should be made or help asked from the factory, ought to be carefully weighed. Time may sometimes be the deciding factor; and when this is the case a responsibility in keeping with the urgency of the matter rests with the person—whether agent or individual owner—who wants the work done.

In these days of advanced mechanical practice, when component parts as well as complete machines are given practical tests before leaving the factory, the majority of complaints of unsatisfactory operation trace either to improper adjustment or some fault in the handling. The automobile is perhaps not assembled in just the right way. If it has been shipped only partially assembled the mistake is probably not the manufacturer's, and if sent ready for the road it may have been subjected to jars and strains likely

to affect its adjustment. But only fundamental difficulties, resulting from some defect of material or faulty construction, can justify calling again upon the maker. The profits of the automobile business are not now and probably never will be elastic enough to cover the expenses of experts to tighten a nut, line up a sprocket or do some other trifling thing.

Still more conservative becomes the owner who is originally satisfied with his machine, but who finds some puzzling trouble in subsequent usage. His first appeal for help ought invariably to be to his local agent—whether for that particular line or not—and be accompanied by the willingness to assume any reasonable expense in-



THIS 50 H. P. STEAM LANDAU WAS BUILT IN FRANCE FOR THE SHAH OF PERSIA AT A COST TO HIM OF \$8,000

involved in the investigation and correction of the difficulty. Care of an automobile and its insurance against trouble do not follow as a result of the sale, but, when at all, as the sign of continued interest of the maker in his product and in the satisfaction of the user. Again, it is one thing to call for the special services of an expert to correct a fault in a \$2,500 or even a \$5,000 automobile and a \$100,000 safe deposit system or a million dollar power plant.

Summing up, it might be said that the services of an expert from the factory might properly be gratuitous to newly established agents, and, of course, to branch houses as such, with a reasonable charge—which means a charge returning a profit to the manufacturer—for the service rendered to others. Such a plan ought to be

widely understood as the proper thing. Bankers whose safes fail to unlock some fine morning are not only willing to pay a substantial fee for the short work of an expert, but they allow all expenses—sometimes even including a special train—to save time and otherwise facilitate matters. While this contingency would scarcely arise in the routine of automobile troubles—except, perhaps, in a great international contest—it suggests a reasonable and proper frame of mind for the owner whose means are keeping with his particular wants. When this is the case the manufacturer will be more apt at times to donate the special services of his staff; and there will be, on the other hand, less temptation to call upon the factory except as a last resort.

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### **Trials of a Trophy Hunt**

**T**HE competition for the Gordon Bennett trophy will this year be the keenest since its inauguration. Challenges, accompanied by the necessary deposits, have been received in London from the automobile clubs of America, France, and Germany and, with Britain included, with three vehicles each, that means a total of twelve cars in the race. Meanwhile there is trouble between the French and British clubs on the subject of the proposed course.

Last year, when the contest took place in connection with the Paris-Vienna race, the French club asked the only other entrant, Britain, to forego the letter of the rules to permit of the race being run from Paris to Belfort, on the Swiss frontier, to cross Switzerland without racing, then resume the contest on Austria being reached. The British club replied that it would agree to any variation provided it gave a good sporting race. The rest is known.

The race was run over the bisected course and Britain won. Now, the British club finds that the best course it can discover in Ireland is a circular one of 100 kiloms., and on asking the French gentlemen to agree to it, the reply returned was that the rules provide for a course of 150 kiloms. at least, and the French club cannot, therefore, agree to the suggestion. "Very well," retorted the A. C. G. B. & I., "there is a straightaway course in Ireland 150 kiloms. long, and we will fix to run to and fro over that distance until the total of over 300 miles is completed."

Then the French club put on its most aggrieved air, admitted that the British club was within its right in selecting the straight-

away route, but appealed to the sportsmanlike feeling of British motorists to find a more convenient and less dangerous course.

This is about how the question stands at present, although a rather peremptory enquiry from Baron de Zuylen, president of the A. C. F., has been received in London requesting to be informed *at once* where the race will be held, and suggesting that, if not in the United Kingdom, then it would be well to let it be run in connection with, and on the first day of, the Paris-Madrid race.

## How Gasolene is Made

*By Reginald Vernam, Ph.D.*

**H**OW many of those who, thanks to gasolene, are enabled to enjoy the pleasures of automobiling, know how that, to them, absolutely essential fluid is made? Not many, I am sure. Stripped of all technical phraseology and in plain English the ordinary method of producing gasolene is something like this:

Beneath a large cylindrical tank containing from 500 to 1,000 barrels of petroleum, a large fire is built. Petroleum, or crude oil, while cold retains all its gases and vapors in a liquid state. When, however, they are heated, as in the case in point, the gases rise and enter a large funnel-shaped hood at the top of the tank. From the small end of this funnel runs a coil of piping which is surrounded by water. The first vapor given off by the heated oil is the highest test gasolene—the kind you always pay for, but seldom get. This vapor, when it reaches the coil kept cold by the water around it, is at once condensed, changes from a vapor to a liquid and then flows on a second tank, technically known as a “mixer.”





At this stage the newly-made gasolene is full of impurities. To remove these and to particularly eliminate the carbon with which it is heavily laden, it is necessary to give the gasolene a bath. This is done in the mixer, the lower end of which is funnel shaped. A pipe filled with small holes is brought up through the bottom of the mixer and through the pipe cold air at high pressure is forced. A second pipe is brought into the mixer from the top; through this pipe a stream of sulphuric acid is let in to the gasolene in need of a bath. The acid being very much heavier than the oil, promptly proceeds to the bottom of the tank; here it encounters the inrushing air and is forthwith sent back to the surface of the tank. This is repeated until the acid and the gasolene are thoroughly mixed. The result is that every particle of carbon and other impurities is separated from the gasolene and absorbed by the acid. When this has been accomplished the incoming air is shut off, whereupon the dirt-laden acid at once falls to the bottom of the tank and is drawn off.

The next move is to rinse the mixture and to remove what sulphuric acid remains. An alkali mixture is now poured into the tank of gasolene and the air once more sent rushing through the mixture. The alkali is thereupon washed back and forth until every remaining portion of the sulphuric acid has been gathered up. When this has been accomplished, the air is once more shut off and the alkali sinks to the bottom of the tank just as the acid did and is run off, leaving only pure gasolene in the tank.

From the bottom of the tank leads another pipe equipped with a number of stopcocks. An expert opens a valve and allows the gasolene to flow through the pipe. As it passes out the gasolene is tested and the various grades of it—76 degrees, 74 degrees, 68 degrees, etc.—are all separated and conducted to the respective tanks where each is stored. Briefly, this is how gasolene is made, but the bare facts as I have partly told them really convey far from an adequate idea of what an exact science the great manufacturing of petroleum products really is.

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### How to Steer

If you want to steer well, let your eyes meet the surface of the ground at a point not less than a couple of hundred feet ahead of the vehicle. Many new drivers fix their gaze continually on a point immediately ahead of their front wheels, and this is the chief cause of their defective control of the vehicle.



*By Helene Hudspeth Ventura*

Here's to the inn of the Golden Dream,  
Far out on the king's highway!  
Here's to the peace that reigns supreme  
Through all its idle day!

With a shady, vine-twined portico,  
Alluring from the heat;  
A place where vagrant breezes blow  
Through honeysuckle sweet.

There's ever a dreamy atmosphere  
Free from a carking care,  
And ever a boon companion near  
The joy and cheer to share.

There's talk that touches deep the heart;  
There's silence saying more;  
There's wine and song, and ere we part  
There's a toasting o'er and o'er.

Oh, it's easy to halt where a brimming drink  
Awaits your fancy's call;  
So tune your soul to the silvery clink  
Of the ice in the glasses tall.

Forget the world and its toiling scheme,  
Let worries fade away.  
Here's to the inn of the Golden Dream,  
Far out on the king's highway.

## The Madison Square Garden Show

By Robert Bruce

*A Record-Breaking Exhibition of Automobile Progress and Enterprise.  
Popular Interest Well-Sustained Throughout. Notable  
Events of the Week*

**T**HE superb weather that insured a large success for the Reliability Run to Boston and return in October last ushered in likewise the first great automobile event of 1903—the New York show. It was an auspicious omen, and held good until the very last, when a snowstorm enveloped the city. Saturday, January 17, was more like an early spring than a midwinter day, making it possible for a large number of first-night visitors to come to the opening, as it was fitting that they should, in their automobiles. Although the displays were not officially ready until 8 P. M., the Garden was thronged all day with exhibitors, newspaper men and some privileged (or ingenious) ones, who worked their way past the sentries on some pretext or other. Order was not entirely brought out of chaos when the doors were opened wide and the metropolitan public welcomed.

Outside—on the four sides of the great city square—a more or less solid line of motor vehicles was formed the first day, and kept fairly intact unto the end. This feature suggested nothing so much as an inter-club run, greater than any yet seen in this country, with the largest garage in Manhattan filled to overflowing, and the less fortunate ones bivouacked round and about. It was a democratic line, some vehicles new and bright, others showing evidences of hard road service, but every one serving in its own way the purposes or the patrons of the show. By the middle of the week some of them were supplied with signs telling the name of the maker and giving the selling price of corresponding models—as an additional bit of publicity for which there was no charge.

### AGGREGATE OF EXHIBITS SURPRISES ALL

As a matter of fact, the metropolitan audience had been waiting overlong for this particular event. There was nothing of the kind in 1902, the last New York show dating back to December, 1901. This is a long time as history is being made in automobilism nowadays, and it is perfectly safe to say that no such hiatus is likely to occur again East or West. Meanwhile the American industry waxed stronger and greater than its closest followers had allowed for, and Madison Square Garden proper could no longer provide

as much room as might have been used to advantage. Inasmuch as this is only the third of its kind in New York, a very large problem looms up for 1904 and thereafter, although that may not trouble us just now.

The former track around the outside of the main floor, for the showing of machines in motion, for steering, backing and other demonstrations, was the first to be sacrificed to the new space requirements. Next the entire basement was taken, and finally the restaurant portion—literally the last concession possible with the building, the theater in the upper front corner being saved, very likely, by its entire separation from the main floors. The galleries, heretofore used to a greater or less extent for the displays of automobile parts, equipments and accessories, was now called for to the last square foot.

Everything included, a total of 181 spaces was blocked out, occupied altogether by 172 exhibitors, of which 73 were manufacturers, New York agents or importers of complete machines. The remainder—a slight numerical majority—were occupied by tire-makers, supply concerns, part makers and others having some direct connection with the larger industry, and in the sum-total practically co-extensive with it. Co-operating in the show project were the two moving powers of the trade and sport at the present time in this country—the National Association of Automobile Manufacturers and the Automobile Club of America, with the Madison Square Garden Company as a practical partner in the enterprise.

#### SHOW PURPOSES WELL DEFINED

There was nothing ostentatious in the way of decorations in or about the building; very little, in fact, of display pure and simple. The early comers found practically all of the machines in robes of white duck or canvas, and they were kept thus protected from dust and flying debris except during the officially "open" hours. Men who had taken in the shows at the Paris Salon and the Crystal Palace, London, were the first to contrast them with this one on that score; then they forgot all about it as the features of the show were unfolded to them. It was simply an opportunity to lift the curtain from the enterprises and accomplishments of another fruitful year's work. Variety and ingenuity took the place of forced display. Substantial quality was there, not only for its own sake, but also to lend its aid to the impetus and value of the exhibition. The public had been invited to see, to question and try, with outside

demonstrations not at all difficult to arrange where there was a good chance for genuine interest ripening into business.

It followed naturally that the racing machine as such was not frequently seen on a tour of the exhibits, and that the pleasure and commercial types and models were the centers of attraction. One or two of the record-holding brigade were there, but a definite popular interest always attaches to the scarred craft of the racing track. Nevertheless a small sign stating that such-and-such a model was being or would be built for some one of the coming international competitions was more often noted. Even the famous racing men connected with several of the stands received scant attention as compared with an unknown demonstrator of practical points in the design, construction or operation of the vehicles themselves. The one notable exception was Fournier, whose fame on both sides of the Atlantic, added to the fact of his personal connection with the American industry, made him a marked man with the visitors.

Prices showed an added range, from a motorette or buckboard runabout listed as low as \$500 up to as many thousands of dollars as the ambitious millionaire could be made to pay for a famous importation. That half-brother to both the automobile and the bicycle—the motor cycle—was brought as low as \$125, with some sales. This widened range in price is an evidence that the industry in the United States is preparing to take care of the wants of the public at large, whether it be for the best possible runabout that can be built at a low figure or for those large and expensive cars whose construction has so far been a specialty of the European makers.

#### DISPLAY A CREDIT TO THE UNITED STATES

As for the foreign influence and the importations as a whole, they were more after the manner of "hands across the sea" than of clearly defined alliance or dependence. Our native gasoline products were just about abreast with the corresponding foreign makes, as exhibited by several resident firms, but in the steam and electric sections there was nothing to learn from our rivals in England, France or Germany. In appearance generally and in finish, care in design and nicety in construction, even the casual observer could discern a great deal of advancement. Easier and better adjustments, more interchangeable parts and other points of detail merit bespoke a progress in means and methods, certain to lead to

further economy and uniformity in future production on a large scale.

The attendance throughout the week was large, and not wholly told by figures officially announced by the management, since a great throng of tradesmen, their customers, friends and others came and went in the hours when admission was by favor only. For their number these people contributed the most to the success of the show, and they will be likewise the first to welcome its return not more than a year hence. Officially there were about 30,000 paid admissions for the seven public days, and some 15,000 or 16,000 trade (commutation) tickets and complimentaries, besides the season passes; in all perhaps 50,000 people.

Among the prominent people not directly connected with the trade who spent more or less time at the show were Albert R. Shattuck, president of the Automobile Club of America; Edward A. Bond, road engineer for the State of New York; Senator W. W. Armstrong, W. Pierrepont White, Willard A. Smith, Thomas A. Edison, Hiram P. Maxim, Col. Albert A. Pope, W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr., Col. John Jacob Astor, Tom L. Johnson, Mayor of Cleveland, O.; Senator Clarke, of Montana; Oliver H. P. Belmont, General Roy Stone, chief of the Bureau of Road Inquiry, Washington, and many others equally well known for their interest in the automobile and its associated enterprises. As a matter of fact the show week, with its meetings of the American Automobile Association, American Motor League, National Association of Automobile Manufacturers and the social features, ending appropriately with the annual banquet of the Automobile Club of America at the Waldorf-Astoria on Saturday night, brought together the leading spirits of automobilism in this country as would have been possible at no other time or place this winter. The influence of these various gatherings will be felt throughout the year in enlarged plans and greater accomplishments all round.

#### THE CITY AND THE SHOW

From beginning to end of the exhibition a lively automobile aspect was over all of New York. The usually large number of motor vehicles on the streets seemed to be for the time being multiplied; not only the regulation types and models, but curious self-moving craft came into view now and then from the Garden. One of them consisted of an ordinary grocer's wagon, the thills taken off and replaced by an engine built into the front, with no



more changes than were necessary to fit it to the old frame. This wagon was drawing, after the manner of a motor-horse, first a victoria and then a racing sulkey, all in single file and held together by a stout rope. Such an improvised apparatus as this never failed of plenty of attention from the men interested primarily in the more serious problems of automobile operation.

Aside from the notice given the exhibition by the newspapers and other metropolitan publications—nearly all of which brought out automobile numbers at this particular time—apparently every advertisement that could be made to lean that way did so, not only receiving an excellent timeliness thereby, but contributing at the same time to the all-around publicity of the show. Some of the large department stores having automobile agencies even introduced cuts of the machines handled by them into their full page advertisements. The large clothiers and tailors who make a specialty of riding outfits joined in the general attention to the uppermost social event of the week. Other "automobile requisites"—cap, coiffures, goggles, gloves, boots and the rest—came in as a matter of course and helped on the completeness of it all.

To the vehicles driven regularly around New York streets, the week brought a new and interesting diversion in the numerous demonstrating parties in charge of out-of-town manufacturers or their agents. Never was this practical kind of work carried on under more favorable conditions of weather. As a rule these parties could easily be recognized by the practiced eye. The passengers were not as yet masters of the vehicles, and the chauffeurs were evidently more than hired servants.

It is safe to say that no other kind of show ever had this kind of outside auxiliary to its main purpose.

The amount of actual business done during the week is variously estimated to have been between one and two millions of dollars, as represented by new orders placed by individuals and local agents. Not all of this will materialize and, on the other hand, many new ones will follow. But the interest shown by the public will go out in larger circles and reach farther because of the great and successful gathering at Madison Square Garden. Some of the exhibitors were showing telegraphic and other orders for machines as an additional argument with the hesitating ones—sometimes, it may subsequently appear, without calculating upon the ratio between output and demand. But it is better on the whole to have too many orders than too few.

## Paris-Madrid

**A**FTER Paris-Berlin in 1901 we had Paris-Vienna in 1902, and now we are being prepared for a more arduous ordeal in the Paris-Madrid contest of 1903.

The distance will depend on the route selected, but it cannot under any circumstances be much under 900 miles, of which a distance of 490 miles is in France.

From Paris to Bordeaux, 360 miles, the road is one of the great arteries of the French highway system and is one of the best roads in the world, while from Bordeaux to the frontier the roads would be considered good in most countries, but they suffer by comparison and in France are only second rate. From the frontier to Madrid the roads vary from poor to execrable.

The intention now is to cover the distance in three days, the stages being Paris - Bordeaux, Bordeaux - Vitoria and Vitoria-Madrid. The Bordeaux - Vitoria stage is the shortest, but as it includes the crossing of the



MARARAJAH OF COOCH BELOR AND PARTY

Pyrenees, it will no doubt be found sufficiently trying. There was a good deal said in favor of making the contest a trial of speed in France and of reliability in Spain, but on the 19th of November the A. C. F. decided to make it speed throughout. Instead, however, of making the first car the winner of the race, the result will be decided *par équipes*, in other words, the award will be in favor of the maker whose "outfit" of four cars shows the best performance on the average.

This will not only minimize the element of luck, which enters considerably into such contests, but will be a more severe test of

the winner's workmanship, and to that extent will be more useful than previous contests. There is this, however, to be said against it: it will handicap the smaller builders, and will have a tendency, already sufficiently pronounced, to play into the hands, and swell the reputations, of the big firms.

To equip four cars, man them and provide for possible repairs and other wants along a route 900 miles long, means an outlay which only a large concern can face with equanimity.

Meanwhile the three routes in Spain are being surveyed, but, judging by reports of cyclists in the French press, it is probable that the road chosen will be that from Irun, near the frontier, by San Sebastian and Salvatierra to Vitoria. From Vitoria by Haro and Soria over the plateaus of Old Castile to Almazan on the Douro, thence across the Sierra Guadarama into the valley of the Rio Henares, which the road follows via Guadalajara and Alcala to Madrid.

Under ordinary conditions, with leisure to proceed at a moderately slow speed, the Spanish part of the distance would be extremely enjoyable, but a helter-skelter race over such roads suggests a long list of breakdowns, combined with a sort of battlefield height of tension maintained for a lengthened period, which present no feature of enjoyment to the average man.

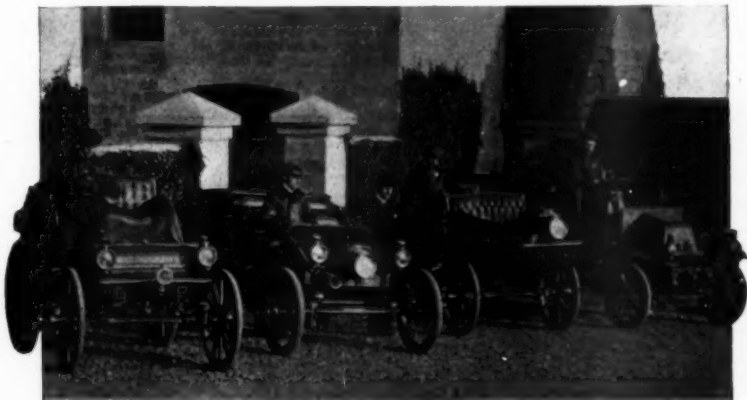


## European Notes

### *World's Records*

**A**BOUT thirty miles from Paris on one of the two main roads to Bordeaux is the town of Dourdan, while on the other is Saint-Arnoult. These towns in the Department of Seine-et-Ouise are joined by a road having a beautiful surface about forty feet wide, one stretch of which, nearly four miles long, has been selected by the Automobile Club de France as the scene of official attempts at the kilometer and mile records.

The course is a splendid, straight stretch, without a cross-road, and as at each end there is a widening about eighty feet in diameter to permit of turning, it will be seen that the club could scarcely have made a better choice. At the time of writing the use of the



DUKE OF PORTLAND'S MOTOR CARS AND GARAGE

course is prohibited by legal injunction on account of some irregularity in connection with the official permit, but it is not expected that any difficulty will be experienced in adjusting the question.

It was fitting that the course should be first used by the famous Henri Fournier and that he should succeed in lowering both records on the first day of trial. This occurred on the 6th of November, under not too favorable conditions. Although dry, the day was dull and the rains had left the surface somewhat greasy.

The record for the mile stood at  $47\frac{3}{8}$  seconds, and for the kilometer at  $29\frac{3}{8}$  seconds, the latter having been made by W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr., at Nice, in the early part of the year. Fournier tried for the mile first, and succeeded in reducing the time to  $47\frac{3}{8}$  sec-

onds, and later on took a second off the kilometer, bringing it down to  $29\frac{1}{2}$  seconds. These speeds are equal to about 76 miles and 123 kilometers an hour, respectively. The car used was an 80 H. P. Mors, with a direct drive on the top speed.

Fournier was not permitted to enjoy his supremacy, for within a week Augieres, driving another Mors, with a motor of 70 H. P., reduced the mile time to 46 seconds, a little over 78 miles an hour; and the same man, on the same car, lopped a fifth of a second from the kilometer time on the seventeenth hour. Thus matters stand at present in the heavy car class, the even seconds, 46 and 29, rendering the task of remembering a light one. Records for other classes of cars and for motor bicycles have also been established, but as nothing in the shape of cars except the fastest really matters, and the motor monstrosities, with two and four cylinders, run in the bicycle class, should only be treated as freaks, they need not be given.

Should any serious difficulty be experienced in securing a general authorization for the stretch of road described, a private road on the estate of the Duchess d'Uzès, herself an enthusiastic automobilist, which runs parallel to the Dourdan-Saint Arnoult road, will be adapted for a record breaking course.

But there is little probability of any permanent obstacle to the use of the present road being met with. The French Government is largely a body of practical men, who recognize that killing the golden egg laying goose would be the act of a fool's policy.

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### My Love

J. S. V.

My love can play the gay guitar  
And paint on chinaware;  
My love's a shining social star,  
With Titian tinted hair.

But though she wears the latest hair,  
She doesn't care a rap;  
The gay guitar and chinaware  
She looks upon as scrap.

Her doleful look and tones reveal  
That she's in sorrow's snares;  
The truth is that her automobile  
Is laid up for repairs.

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## Supported by the Rank and File

THE crowds at the current shows are made up very largely of individual owners of automobiles, and others likely sooner or later to become such, with a liberal sprinkling of people who come more from a general interest in the subject than from any desire to participate in its benefits. Of these the first-named class is honestly entitled to special consideration, since it has already contributed of its means to the developing industry, and now watches closely for ways and means in which to satisfactorily double or treble its original investment. Automobilists who come under this head are particularly open to conviction with respect to new things; and they are likewise the chief reliance of the manufacturers and agents as new models make their appearance.

The spirit in which the motor vehicle has been taken up and supported by those to whom we must chiefly look for encouragement of its further progress is the best possible guaranty of its



future. That spirit can at this moment be credited with having accepted and improved to the utmost every advantage offered it, from whatever source, and with a surplus of energy and enthusiasm for the larger opportunities of the future. This may help to explain why the serious thought of the designers and makers finds expression first of all in the construction of models for pleasure and general utility and afterward for purely commercial service. That this has not been the result—as some have believed—of a desire to solve the easier problem first, will be apparent when it is understood that the most bothersome of all structural requirements are called for by vehicles adaptable to such highways, loads, powers and speeds as are contemplated for satisfactory private ownership.

Neither the ponderous omnibus nor the autotruck calls for equal nicety in unity and detail of outworking as compared with the self-moving surrey, the phaeton or even the runabout. To combine strength and durability with reasonable lightness and speed, high efficiency and endurance of propelling forces with symmetry of outline and ease of management, grade ascending power with ample carrying capacity and the like—these are but a few of the special things to be considered in the construction of types satisfactory to the rank and file. No more arbitrary array of fixed requirements could easily be formulated to try out designers and builders.

And yet in at least one important respect this industry has been greatly favored over all other developments in mechanics. The purchasers of its products have been very largely men and women of means, of patience and personal enthusiasm for an ultimate rather than an immediately satisfactory outcome of their efforts and investments. Many are themselves amateur designers and builders of no mean order. Some have suggested and in extremity demonstrated various improvements and devices already incorporated into acceptable models. There are scores of improvised laboratories in the United States to-day designed solely for automobile experiment, while a considerable number of completed vehicles, assembled on individual lines from working parts made to special order, have brought a larger variety into our domestic manufacture than would otherwise have been possible. The sum-total of such co-operation—as a side issue of regular support—has been of enormous value to the whole movement, showing once again the necessity for a strong and reliable rank and file.

## Export Trade Looming Up

**T**HE tremendous advance in the manufacture of automobiles, their accessories and sundries in the United States within the past two or three years foreshadows at no distant day a considerable volume of export business for each and all of them. While the home demand has so far been equal to the productive capacity of the industry, it should be borne in mind that this capacity is being rapidly enlarged, and must in the course of a few more years be multiplied over what it is to-day. To absorb this ever-increasing output at uniformly good figures, and thus keep the industry in continued progress and prosperity, will call not only for the constant support of a strong and loyal home market, but also for some satisfactory share in the world's trade. While taking full possession of the domestic field, some thought must be given to the creation of new and profitable outlets for the inevitable surplus of the future.

It is gratifying, therefore, to observe that our leading American manufacturers are familiarizing themselves with the requirements of the more important foreign markets, not only by means of consular and other reports, but also by personal acquaintance with the better fields within their reach. This last is an essential part of any winning policy, since in these days the seller must seek the buyer, discover his particular wants and plan how best to meet them. None may any longer expect that any considerable volume of business will gravitate to him. If the American automobile manufacturer expects to carry his products into the centers of the old world (especially) his office organization, so to speak, must be extended to cover the larger field.

The conditions ruling in any country where a foothold is sought are among the first things to know, and the ready medium for securing this knowledge is the ubiquitous commercial traveler. But to be broadly successful he must be a man practically acquainted with the language and customs of the country to which he is sent, thoroughly familiar with the industrial situation there and content to remain long enough to establish what he is expected to introduce. Such exports of automobiles and their equipments as have already been made without any special effort along that line, testify to the good chance the best American productions have in the world market. To secure every advantage offered in this direc-

tion is additional enterprise now; at some future time it may be a saving policy to many.

The most common defect in an export trade program is lack of close knowledge of the various markets within reasonable reach of the American trade. This acquaintance is essential where regard is had for sound and permanent reputation rather than transient popularity. An automobile offered for sale in a foreign country must always be ready to demonstrate its worth alongside the best home makes. This policy recognizes that competition is already keen and growing keener, but that nothing is to be feared. The problem of the future in this field will be how to keep production within the capacity of salesmaking at uniform and profitable figures. Price and quality are the two great factors to consider. In neither of these respects need the American lines suffer in comparison with the very best the foreigner can offer. It is the policy rather than the productions of our home trade that are apt to be at fault in seeking for business beyond the Atlantic; or, perhaps, rather, lack of adaptation to the special requirements to be met in each market.

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### Employee's Ideas May Be Valuable

**N**EVER was there an industry better calculated to thrive under a widely co-operative interest than the manufacture and sale of automobiles. At this particular period, at least, no suggestion or plan seriously conceived and honestly presented can well be shelved, no matter what its source. Employers—and especially financial backers—may sometimes imagine that because they pay regular wages and salaries, they can lay claim to the private enterprise of their technical staff. However, the majority are glad to see a talented subordinate work his way up (so long as he does not neglect the particular duties for which he is paid), and encourage rather than discourage efforts to this end. It is the better way.

Cases are by no means rare where an ingenious employee has added his invention to the capital stock of a wide-awake firm and has risen to partnership through such means. Subordinates should remember, however, that the rule works both ways and that they have no right to use the time of their employers in the furtherance of their own private interests. Not only that, but they deserve both rebuke and discharge should they, without the full knowledge

and consent of their principals, make models or drawings of ideas and improvements originated in their place of employment—this without regard to whether or no such action keeps them from attending to their proper work.

There is another side to the question, not so often thought of, yet vital to the subject. The power to employ or to discharge is often vested solely in a foreman possessing no direct interest in the business he superintends, and there only for what he can get out of it. In this case it should be remembered that foremen may bear watching equally with his subordinates—or even more so. It is not without precedent that a foreman takes a leaf from the book of management and makes a trade of favors or disfavours to workmen. When this is so, the man who refuses to acknowledge the unholy relation finds sooner or later that he must make way for another, very likely inferior to and less interested than himself. As a general thing proprietors of large manufacturing establishments are too often apt to take it for granted that things in the shop are all right. They might secure better service and advance their interests many times by making sure that justice is impartially administered by their foremen. No man ever yet lost anything by showing an interest in the personal welfare of his help.

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### Value of Popular Interest

**E**ACH successful one of the current shows [and there seem to have been as yet no unsuccessful ones] adds another and convincing proof of the gradual but certain adaptation of the automobile to the practical uses of life. Looking at the situation with all due conservatism, there is no longer any doubt that we are already across the frontier line of a new era in which swift and economical transportation of this character has become one of the necessities of the times. It is not mere idle curiosity which prompts the eagerness of the public to see, understand and master the new types and models; there is a substantial faith in their future. The productions of 1903 are looked upon by deep students of the subject, whether tradesmen or laymen, as milestones along the way to better designs and constructions than any yet brought out. One by one the familiar forms of the horse-drawn vehicle are added to the growing family of automobiles, until there is already about as great a variety of one as of the other.

The substantial merits of the automobile are making for it a place of more or less regular use in the establishments of men and women of means having a natural liking for that sort of thing. Possibly it may come in the course of time to be the distinguishing mark of social standing and affluence, even as the worth and style of the private equipages and cavalcades of the Middle Ages were the outward and visible signs of their owner's wealth and rank. It is worthy of note in this connection that the leaders in automobilism are to a large extent men and women of vital interest and of experience in the general progress of life, worthy of being trusted to carry their work forward in the right way and to the best ends. To them the motor vehicle appears not so much a machine as a mechanical accessory to all outdoor life, to be developed as much for its possibilities of useful service to other sports and pastimes as for its strictly utilitarian side.

It is certainly under the most auspicious conditions that another means of pleasure travel is added to our everyday living. To precede a comparatively new movement with a deep popular conviction that it is bound to come and certain to broaden into many-sided usefulness is to endow it with that vitality and enterprise which lends wings to progress and makes history with speed. By means of the automobile the tour-making, speed-loving sense finds a new avenue for its expression and exercise. From an aristocratic machine it has come to be the logical vehicle for the well-to-do people of all classes in all countries provided with roads. By this token its field of even two or three years ago has been multiplied for 1903; and the industry is as yet only well started on its destined way.



A MEDIEVAL MOTOR VEHICLE  
ACCORDING TO THE CAR





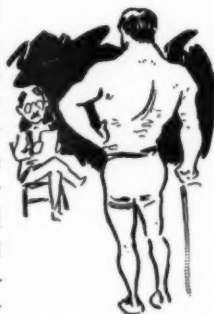
producing automobile trucks and passenger buses in some variety. It is one of the surest of all future things that the truck and delivery business of this country will eventually be done almost entirely with the automobile, while the good old horse will be retained as a sort of household pet, something for the children and grown-up people to play with and occasionally to use on the improved roads which we will have even before the period predicted above. There is scarcely a mail which does not bring to *THE AUTOMOBILE MAGAZINE* one or more letters from different parts of the country asking where the writers can purchase trucks or passenger buses, cabs, broughams and the like. The president of the Cleveland Concrete Building Block Company recently wrote us:

"We want one or more automobile trucks to carry a load of, say, 10 tons each, and capable of maintaining a fair speed over any road or grade which is likely to be met with in ordinary city work. If you can refer me to manufacturers of such machines you will confer considerable favor. The cost of trucking with ordinary teams is enormous, and if an automobile can be furnished which will have considerably greater capacity and speed than a team, there is a practically unlimited field for it in business."

In the same mail that this Cleveland inquiry was received came one from the Galen Hall Company, of Atlantic City, which company conducts a large sanitarium, saying: "We would like to buy, if prices are not prohibitive, a station coach to run from our hotel to the railroad station. We want it to hold at least six persons, and to be inclosed, and it should be run by electric motor that we can charge from our 110-volt lighting plant. As all our Atlantic City streets are level, and as the run from our hotel to the station is only six blocks, it does not seem necessary that the motive power should be so great as where hill climbing is necessary, and with us, high speed is not required. The conveyance ought to be, we think, better looking than the hearse-like concerns that we see around us. Is it possible to get such a wagon for anything less than extortionate prices, and that will not have to spend quarter of its time in the repair shop and finally repose on the scrap heap in two years' time?"

Our Atlantic City correspondent has certainly had some experience or else he knows of some one who has had. There is no reason now, however, why a 1903 truck or bus should not give good satisfaction, or why its construction should be such that it has to resemble the graveyard conveyance.

It is a too-commonly accepted theory that the term and character of "gentleman" is acquired rather than being matter of birth. I have always held this latter idea is right, and have believed in breeding, whether it be of human beings or of animals. It is quite true that Maud S., the famous trotter, was rescued from the plebeian drudgery of drawing a milk wagon, to later shine as Queen of the Turf, in the hands of the late W. H. Vanderbilt, but even so, like many other good things, Maud S. "was born and bred in Old Kentucky," famous for its beautiful women, courtly men, blue grass, and whisky—each and all of them thoroughbreds. Away back in the past somewhere, Maud S.'s ancestors were the high-strung, petted beauties of some old Southern Colonel, who believed that blood alone would tell, and indorsed his belief by breeding good stock only.



Some years ago, the writer sent an article to the *Turf, Field and Farm*, over whose destinies the clever and gentlemanly Hamilton Busby still resides. My copy fell into the hands of the then athletic editor, A. F. Steimer, now, and for many years past, sporting editor of the *N. Y. Herald*. It is just 20 years ago since I wrote that screed, which Mr. Steimer, on its receipt, smiled and handed in to his chief, from whom it never came back to be printed. Instead of publishing my article, Mr. Busby wrote me a letter, in which he said: "I really agree with you in the matter, but it is a delicate question, and one that it will be hard for us to indorse at the present time, but we see the beneficial results of the union of good, healthy men and women every day, and a world-beating athlete is not probable from a union of two imperfect specimens of the many men and women we see to-day."

While abroad a few years later with the American bicycle team, I ran across positive proof of my theory in Sheffield and Wolverhampton. There I found that where the sons and daughters of old champion athletes had intermarried and the result of those marriages in many cases were the finest specimens of physical manhood, and Sheffield handicap winners were pointed out as the direct result of the mating of the sons and daughters of former champions. This idea is not very shocking to-day, as bills have been introduced into various legislatures looking towards a physical and mental examination of candidates for matrimony. This vein of thought leads to

the question of the future champion automobilist of the world, and it seems to me that it will be a product of a union between those in whom muscle and nerve will have reached its highest development. Such a man will drive an automobile a mile in 30 seconds, as the direct result of having been bred just like a racehorse.

Speaking of gentlemen, General Manager W. D. Gash, of the Fournier-Searchmont Automobile Co., of Philadelphia, has all the attributes of the gentleman, and this statement will be indorsed by the many who know William Deavor Gash. Mr. Gash is a product of the fair Southland, and in him you see the gentleness and graciousness of the old-time men and women of the South, whose courtesy and considerateness for others is too well known. No wonder their old slaves wept when they had to part from such people, and, indeed, many of them refused to accept freedom at such a price, preferring the love and care of their old masters to the precarious existence many of the more foolish ones subsequently led after receiving their freedom.

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I was talking to Gov. McKelway, of Virginia, one day. My special mission being to interest him in the question of employing convict labor on the public highway to build good roads rather than to have it compete with free skilled labor. Gov. McKelway, in answer to my question as to why there were so many negroes wearing stripes in the Southern penitentiaries, and so many in the State Insane Asylums, replied that he thought that abolition was, in a measure, the cause of it, for having neither guidance nor work, the negroes stole, and, strange to say, they also went insane from worry, which is a direct contradiction to the usual theory that negroes have no care and are always laughing.

But to revert to Mr. Gash and his company. I invite you to make a study of Mr. Gash when you meet him, and you will soon find that my eulogy of him has not been undeserved. Especially would I invite some of the "important" persons of the trade, who are sometimes too busy to see traveling men, to closely observe and imitate Mr. Gash for their business salvation's sake. If the Association of Automobile Manufacturers had such a man as Mr. Gash at the head of it—but why add to the list of ifs connected with this organization?

I first met Mr. Gash in Atlanta, Ga., where he was then in business, but, like many other young Southerners, Mr. Gash gave up the ideal and sometimes rather indolent life of the South, for the

more rushing, nervous, railroad speed business of the North, where fortunes are made and lost in a day. Next I saw him at Waltham, where he made a record for himself so pronounced that he soon had offers from other concerns. He decided to throw in his lot with the Searchmont Company, and when its general manager left, the directors looked at one another and said, "Why seek further for a general manager? We know this young man, have watched his coming in and going out, and he has all the attributes of success about him." The result was that Mr. Gash was promoted to be general manager of the mammoth factory at Trainer, not very far from Philadelphia.

I went out there the other day, and after leaving the depot, whose name, by the bye, will be changed from Trainer to Searchmont, the first object that came into view was a small general store, over which was a sign which read: "The Automobile Store and Exchange." The works themselves comprise four buildings, which were constructed some 50 years ago of solid stone and concrete, and they look as though they will be doing business at the old stand when Gabriel blows his auto horn for us all to wake up. There are 50 acres owned by the Fournier-Searchmont Automobile Co., and the Searchmont Land Co. own 25 additional acres, and W. D. Gash is president of this company. It is one of the plans of Mr. Gash that this additional land shall be sold to the company's employees on easy terms, so that they can build their own homes and be their own landlords. The location of this land is excellent, and I hope in a few years to see it dotted with cottages and occupied by their contented owners. Of course, at present the four buildings are sufficient for building the Searchmont automobile, but it is the hope of the company's directors that the business will so increase that the works will eventually cover most of the 50 acres with buildings. The manufacture of the Searchmont is being attended to with a thoroughness which would be expected from a superintendent like L. S. Chadwick, who is not only a clever engineer and mechanic, but is also a good judge and handler of a force of men. Mr. Chadwick is not one of the driving sort, but he exacts the highest proficiency from his men and will employ no one not capable and willing of rendering such. Parts and machinery for 300 Searchmonts were going through the factory when I visited it. The finished Searchmont will, I am sure, have created quite a furore before this article is read, since, in the meantime, the new vehicle will have been seen at the New York show.

In the January issue of THE AUTOMOBILE MAGAZINE I preached a little sermon on "Sowing the Seed" as applied to advertisers. In that article I spoke about a need of reformation in some business offices in the way traveling men were treated. I called attention in the item to good results which I was sure would follow the polite treatment of all callers. In that little story I said that it was my belief that many firms had failed through their inattention to advertising, and their cavalier treatment of men who were paid to travel and to call on people and try to sell them either advertising space or other commercial commodities.



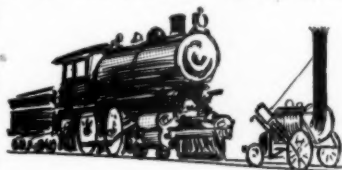
As bearing out all my arguments in this direction we have had a splendid exemplification in what has happened to the American Bicycle Company. The head of this concern believed that advertising was not a necessary adjunct to a business such as he presided over. The company, as a direct result of the president having such ideas, is now in the hands of a receiver, and the man responsible for its being there because he did not believe in advertising is getting out with poor grace and the regret of no one. His successor will be a man who does believe in advertising and believes in it so thoroughly that when he was the head of a big bicycle concern he expended more than a quarter of a million of dollars each year for advertising, and one year cleared a million dollars profit out of doing so.

I met this man the other day, and his name is known all over the world as the Father of Cycling, and the first great promoter of good roads, to hasten the coming of which he employed 50 clerks one year to do nothing else but distribute good-roads literature which had been prepared by the foremost writers on that subject. Gentlemen everywhere! Take off your hats to Col. Albert A. Pope! and drink a health to a friend, who can be found at the Park Row Building, New York, and, unlike the former president of the company, is always at home to newspaper men and his other friends at all times.

There are people who will say that Colonel Pope cannot bring cycling and the sales of bicycles up to their former high mark. I am no such doubter. I know Colonel Pope so well that it is easy for me to believe that inside of two years he will present the stockholders of the American Bicycle Co. with a dividend, and that dividend will be the direct result of two things—advertising and a willingness to accord a welcome to all who call to see the head of the big corpora-

tion. Just as soon as the Colonel gets into the running, we will insist that a large appropriation for advertising be made, and with it he will commence one of his old time fur flying campaigns. In his efforts to demonstrate what may be accomplished through popularity and business methods, I bespeak for Colonel Pope all the hearty support which I feel sure newspapers and newspaper men will be only too glad to give him.

In advance of the Show, an interesting report reaches New York that the White Sewing Machine Co. will exhibit a White flyer equipped with a compound engine in a vehicle which will, later on, make a try for the Gordon-Bennett Cup in Europe. I have always believed that the future steam automobile will be a vastly improved



affair over the present day machine, and that the steam carriage of to-day can only be compared to the locomotive of Stevenson's time when this locomotive is placed in comparison with one of our big fast express engines. *Railway and Locomotive Engineering*, published at this office, issued in January a number devoted to the centenary of the locomotive, and it was interesting to compare the locomotive of 100 years ago, or of 1803, to be exact, shown therein, with the famous high-speed one of to-day. It was as though the scarecrow in the wheat field had been compared with the well-dressed gentleman on Broadway. I expect to see the same relative progress in steam carriage building as there has been in locomotive building.

Of course, it is more or less a question of high pressure steam, so engineers tell me. An interesting fact, not generally known, concerns this same steam pressure. In the year 1800, the pressure never exceeded 20 lbs. in boilers. In 1850, not more than 30 lbs.; in 1870, it showed 80 lbs., while now as high as 250 lbs. is shown in the more modern forms of water tube boilers.

Now, automobile progress has become a question of engine, and the compound proposition which the White people will, it is said, exhibit, will give our friends of the gasolene power persuasion something of a shock. A writer says, in a book for sale by *Railway and Locomotive Engineering*, entitled, "Compound Engines," that error has often been made by confounding the word "horse-power," in expressing a measurement of capacity of boiler and engine. The term



"Engine Horse Power" correctly expresses a measurement of engine capacity for performing work. And for the want of a better term, "Boiler Horse Power" is used to express a measurement of boiler capacity for evaporating water into steam, but the two have no analogy whatever. The horse power of a boiler says this writer, "should always be figured upon an independent basis from the horse power of an engine, for it does not follow that the steam necessary for a 100 H. P. engine will need a 100 H. P. boiler for its generation, for the capacity of the accompanying boiler depends relatively upon the efficiency as well as the capacity of the engine, for which it is to furnish steam." For instance, a single cylinder engine of the non-condensing type may need 30 lbs. of steam for 1 H. P. per hour, but the modern triple expansion engine will probably need no more than  $12\frac{1}{2}$  lbs. per 1 H. P. per hour, which shows that the capacity of the accompanying boiler would be very different in the two cases.

So it seems to me that builders of steam automobiles will have to look to the engine, now that they have a boiler of nearly sufficient power to drive most engines. Apparently, it is along these lines that Rollin H. White is working, and he has a reputation for never proceeding very far along any line whose terminal point is not success.

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It is the erroneous idea of people far removed from it that New York is a very swift town. Never was there a greater mistake; New York is the jayest of jay towns, although some people think that its streets are lined with gentlemen who have either green goods or gold bricks to sell. It is quite true, such commodities are profitably disposed of here, but the purveyor is usually some Western fellow, and the buyer is not infrequently a New York gentleman. The chief place of such sales is, of course, in and around Wall street, and it is there that the out-of-town promoter goes to unload his valuable cargo. It is equally true that certain automobile stock of the Pennington order has not found a very eager acceptance in New York, but other equally as worthless things have found ready and willing buyers when the sellers have been former residents of some Western country village, where they get up early in the morning and go to bed betimes.



New York is a fruitful place for "graft"; that is because New Yorkers are careless. They are the most easily entertained and persuaded people on earth. The other day while passing along Broadway, I came across a large crowd outside of a drug store. Of course, I thought someone had taken carbolic acid or, possibly, the thermometer and the quotation of the price of coal was the interesting magnet that drew such a crowd. Now, what do you think had caught them? It was one of those automatic figures of a nurse made of wax, advertising some patent medicine, and the New Yorker saw in it something wonderful, whereas in the West those figures have been melted up and made into candles long ago. Fancy a wax woman holding up a Broadway crowd! The other night, opposite Trinity Church there was another large crowd, and a hundred pairs of eyes were gazing intently at the fast darkening sky especially in the direction pointed at by some young man's finger, and they all wanted to know what it was. No one discovered what he was looking at or showing his companion, but several watches and diamonds were reported missing some moments later, for the pointing had been done by some "cockney" thieves.

Then in New York we have the horse-cars still with us, which is quite a curiosity, and the poor, weary bags of bones trudge along just like they used to in the country villages of the West, where they now use electric power, but New York has not got to that point yet. Then we have plenty of holes to fall into in our streets and many a big and little automobile has fathomed the depths of these holes during the last month or so. Of course, we still get up late in New York, and go to bed early in the morning, but that is an old habit with us, as we are all comparatively wealthy and easy and we don't have to sleep much in New York. This is one of the reasons why young men from the West come here and make fortunes daily because they are out for the "stuff" and have plenty of time to think about those filthy things. An automobile on Broadway is still sufficient to cause a crowd and it will be a long time before New Yorkers will become reconciled to the energy displayed in an automobile, for it is a little too swift for us yet. But with all our faults and shortcomings, we New Yorkers love New York still. Every cobblestone on Park Row appeals to us and every foot of Broadway is pressed by our feet with a tenderness that we do not show to other pavements, and we hope in good time that New York will have decent pavements, so when we get our underground road running and Russell Sage puts on a few more elevated trains, we may, even

if we don't all own automobiles, in the language of the late Charles A. Dana, "be happy yet, you bet!"

One of the most successful social events of the National show was a banquet and theater party given at Mouquin's and at Weber & Field's.



The originator of the idea and promoter of the affair was Mr. Peter S. Steenstrup, Secretary of the Hyatt Roller Bearing Co., of Harri-

son, N. J. It was a cleverly thought out idea at that, even though the writer got mixed up in it, inasmuch as he was held responsible for some of the quality and the quantity attending the function. Mr. Steenstrup, with a delicacy that was unusual, even if it was open to suspicion, declared on a copy of the Chinese bible in the New York Press Club that the question of advertising his company never once entered into the plan of entertainment. In fact, he declared if it was possible, he would have had the guests searched at the outer door of the banquet room just like secret societies search candidates for hidden weapons before they enter the lodge room, to see that those attending had no advertisement concealed about their persons. This search to have included the officers of the Hyatt Roller Bearing Co. as well as all others present.

Well, the function was a great success and really, a great deal of credit must be given to Mr. Steenstrup for the amount of thought and work he put into the matter. We had everything the famous French caterer could provide, and that covers a multitude of good things. Everybody present voted the Hyatt Roller Bearing Co. the palm for entertaining, and wished that their future would be as easy running as the goods they make. At Weber & Field's, of course, we had a great time—everyone who goes there always does. The lower boxes were filled with the high and low rollers of automobiling; and when Weber & Field with an automobile entered into the spirit of the function there was a great time. Comedian Charles Bigelow, an automobilist himself, got off some jokes at the expense of many of those in the boxes.

American automobilists will welcome two good and great sportsmen from England next summer. These two men are possibly the best exponents of amateur sport in the world to-day, and when their names are mentioned *AUTOMOBILE MAGAZINE* readers will say "amen" to this statement. In Sir Thomas Lipton, we have a good automobilist, and one whose stable contains the best automobile products of all countries, not forgetting the United States, to which Sir Thomas is very partial. The Knight of the Shamrock has entered into automobiling with the same enthusiasm that he has shown in yachting. Sir Thomas will bring to this country with him two or three of his favorite automobiles according to Mr. J. Heir Davis, his American representative, who is himself much interested in automobiling, and who recently told me that he expects Sir Thomas will do considerable automobiling between his plucky attempts to capture the America's Cup. I wish Sir Thomas better luck in his American automobiling than in his America Cup-lifting efforts.

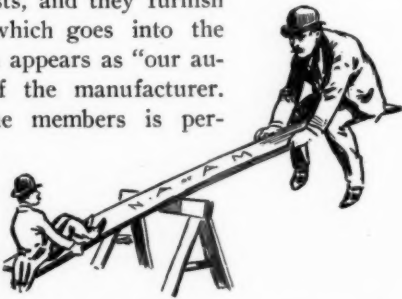
The other Britisher, who will come over here with Sir Thomas, is Sir Thomas R. Dewar, one of the partners in the world-renowned firm of John Dewar & Sons, London and Perth. This Sir Thomas, like his namesake, the other Sir Thomas, has an ambition and a very laudable one, too. It is one which kings and princes have tried to attain, and that is, the winning of the Derby, the blue ribbon of the turf. Sir Thomas Dewar is like a gallant charging army that has gone against a strong defense and fallen back beaten time and time again, only to renew the charge. Sir Thomas has had a candidate each year for the Derby, and the last two or three years, his great entry Forfarthshire has been a favorite in the betting and finished, I believe, second in one of the races. The many friends of Sir Thomas hope that he will yet land the great racing crown for his stable. Sir Thomas is a great admirer of automobiling, and the King of England has more than once tested the speed of Sir Thomas R. Dewar's automobiles. This Sir Thomas, like the great cup-lifting attempter, being a favorite with the King, who never fails to quickly recognize among his subjects those men whose abilities lift them above the multitude which ever seeks to bask in the sunshine of royal favor.



I met Sir Thomas R. Dewar a few years ago when he was making a journey around the world in search of health, which, I am pleased to learn, he found. Incidentally, he has also succeeded in finding material for some very entertaining books of travel, which he published later. Mr. Dewar, as he was then known, was an ex-sheriff of London, although quite a young man, comparatively speaking. He is now alderman of the City of London, and in line for the office of Lord Mayor. Sir Thomas R. Dewar is a democratic person and a very interesting one to meet, and, like his friend, Sir Thomas Lipton, he is much interested in the United States, where his firm has large interests. Upon his arrival in this country, Sir Thomas R. Dewar will be the guest of his American representative, Mr. Frederick Glassup, who, by that time, will himself be a full-fledged automobilist, having already placed his order for one of the finest makes of touring cars.



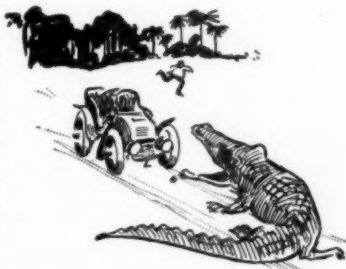
There are seventy-one associate members in the National Association of Automobile Manufacturers. These associate members are for the most part specialists, and they furnish a great part of the material which goes into the finished vehicle, which later on appears as "our automobile" in the catalogue of the manufacturer. Each one of these seventy-one members is permitted to pay fifteen dollars per annum into the treasury of the National Association of Automobile Manufacturers, but they are not allowed any vote or say in the management of that association. I fail to see why a person should pay \$10 initiation fee and then annual dues of \$5 in an association which is run by the minority, since the active members of the N. A. A. M. only number at the present time 52. Methinks, my masters, this comes close to being a case of taxation without representation. The rule of the minority over the majority caused our forefathers to indulge in an argument with Mother England some years ago when the Boston Tea-Party occurred.



But what can you expect from an association that will allow and plot to drop a man like W. C. Baker, of Cleveland, from its executive committee, a man who has "made good" in automobile building and who has done things? Then in his place to put a manufacturer who has done anything but fail and who even offered two of his superintendents \$400 each if they would push or pull one of his cars through in the New York and Boston Endurance test. Which, needless to say, they never succeeded in doing.

I do not expect to find much sanity in the present or future management of the National Association of Automobile Manufacturers so long as the existing directorate controls things, and as this is written two weeks before the annual meeting, I have no means of knowing how the cat will jump at that; but I hope to see that the real successful manufacturers (including the associate members) will have a voice and finger in the managerial pie of the National Association of Automobile Manufacturers in the future. If the associate members do not have a voice in the management of affairs I can plainly see a new association formed in the near future, which will be composed of the parts makers who, after all, come mighty close to the real automobile manufacturers.

By the time this issue goes to the press something will be known about a proposed race meet on the beach at Daytona, which is on the east coast of Florida. The idea of giving an annual winter race meet in Florida was considered by THE AUTOMOBILE MAGAZINE some months ago, and the article in our December issue by Mr. Charles W. Birchwood was the first intimation that the meet would be a probability or a possibility. Daytona Beach, which is less than one hundred miles from Jacksonville, offers the only ten miles straight-way course for speeding in the United States, so it is said, and it is there the projectors of the meet fondly hope to see the records from one mile to ten placed where they will give other countries plenty to do to lower them. An annual race meet, however, is not the only thing the promoters of the Florida enterprise expect to make the leading feature of automobiling in Florida. Something more substantial and lasting is the aim of the people who are interested in





the matter. The idea is that Florida may be made a touring ground during the winter months. To that end the Florida Automobile Association is to be formed, and, under its banner a good-roads crusade will be inaugurated and touring on a large scale in Florida will then follow during the winter months.

It is satisfactory to note and report that passenger agents C. B. Ryan, of the Seaboard Air Line, and S. H. Hardwick, of the Southern Railway Company, are taking a lively interest in the preliminaries, and they see a good future for Florida in automobiling providing the automobilists will in their turn show a desire to promote the sport in the land of the orange and the palm. The Southern Railway Company has done a good deal to promote good roads, as it is generally known that this company sent out a special good-roads construction train which has built experimental pieces of improved roads all over the South at the cost of many thousands of dollars to the company. The company's educational influence in good-roads building, however, has been such that now the farmer and the urbanite of the South are both taking a lively interest in good-road building. The Southern Railroad Company has sown the seed which will certainly bring them an abundant fruit in the near future.

THE AUTOMOBILE MAGAZINE receives many letters from abroad asking for information as to the possibilities of securing agencies for



American machines as well as inquiries from individuals who are prospective purchasers. It looks like a small thing, what I am about to call attention to, but I feel sure that the people whom the magazine favors with such letters or ad-

resses will agree with me that business courtesy and, indeed, business success, demand, that sufficient postage be placed on the replies, so that the recipients, who are possible buyers, may not have to pay various sums in far-off Australia, India and other countries for postage which the American writers failed to supply for the letters they sent.

Attention is drawn to this matter through the receipt of a letter from the Franklin Cycle, Ltd., Ballarat, Victoria, Australia, wherein the following appears:

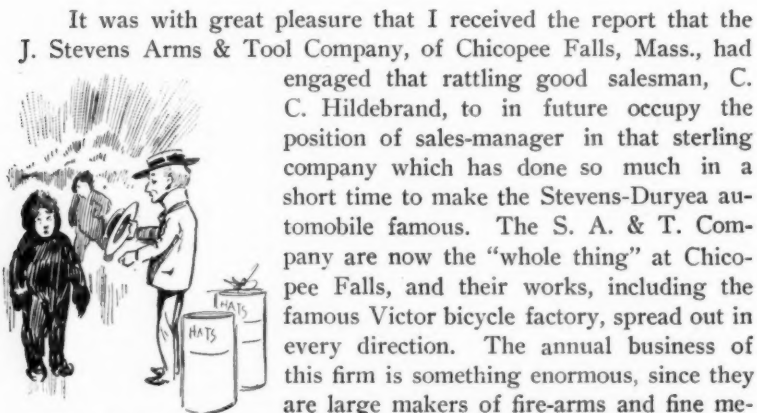
"We beg to draw your attention to the fact that some of the firms of your country cause us a great deal of inconvenience by omitting to adequately stamp their letters, magazines and catalogues. Nearly every article reaching us by post from America, is indorsed with a fine for insufficient postage, which we have to pay, and inclosed herewith, we are sending you some specimens of envelopes received to-day. We are of the opinion that a word in THE AUTOMOBILE MAGAZINE will bring the matter to the attention of the trade in the United States more effectually than any personal action we could take to induce a change. Of course, we are only one of many concerns that are interested. The letters received per this mail insufficiently stamped are as follows": (Then follows the names of five well-known concerns, with a total of 56 cents charges for insufficient postage.)

While traveling through the States of Indiana and Illinois one Sunday recently, the writer met a man who can safely be put down as being one of the first automobilists in the city of Chicago. This man is J. Walter Scott, who is the business representative of our esteemed contemporary, *The Automobile*, Mr. Scott's particular stamping ground being in the West with headquarters in Chicago. Mr. Scott got the fever early and purchased one of those three-wheel affairs built by Mr. Friedman, the florist, of Chicago. Mr. Scott, in speaking of this machine, said that it always ran when it wanted to and while it took considerable coaxing to get the motor into good humor, he had a lot of fun with it, but he sold it because it was too expensive a luxury for a traveling advertising man to keep in the stable. Mr. Scott is one of those quiet, effective workers who is often heard from although not seen. Mr. Scott was once an enthusiastic baseball player and filled some position on a team in a small town in Indiana. This town was fortunate in having several Yale and Harvard graduates who were engaged in business in that particular place; so was Scott; he was selling soda in a drug store.



With all this talent the local team simply wiped the earth up with all the teams around there, so it came to pass that to the local people Scott was a \$10,000 beauty like unto Kelly of Boston fame. In that village around the grocery store stove to this day they still tell of the wonderous plays Scott made.

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It was with great pleasure that I received the report that the J. Stevens Arms & Tool Company, of Chicopee Falls, Mass., had engaged that rattling good salesman, C. C. Hildebrand, to in future occupy the position of sales-manager in that sterling company which has done so much in a short time to make the Stevens-Duryea automobile famous. The S. A. & T. Company are now the "whole thing" at Chicopee Falls, and their works, including the famous Victor bicycle factory, spread out in every direction. The annual business of this firm is something enormous, since they are large makers of fire-arms and fine mechanical tools, besides doing a large drop-forge business. I have watched this young man Hildebrand for some years, and I really believe that he could sell straw hats to the Esquimaux, so successful and persuasive a salesman is he. I first met him several years ago in Philadelphia. He was selling bicycles when the snow was on the ground, and incidentally later he sold boats and marine motors when the famous Delaware river was frozen over. He came very near pulling the International Motor Car Company out of the mire, and I believe he would have done so had there not been so many bosses, who directed but did no work themselves.

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In 1862 a learned English Judge declared that a horse which would not stand the sight or sound of a locomotive constituted a public danger. Hence he said, the owner should be punished, not the owner of the locomotive. If such a decision was regarded as wisdom in 1862 it surely ought to be accepted in 1903. In fact, its recognition is even more desirable now than then. It seems eminently reasonable to make owners of horses careful as to their training and watchful as to the danger their animals are likely to do by shying or other equine antics.

In our December issue I spoke of the interest taken in automobiling by William Randolph Hearst, owner and editor of the three prominent papers, *The New York American*, *Chicago American* and *San Francisco Examiner*. Mr. Hearst has certainly been a good friend to the automobile. He has preached the gospel of tolerance, hope and progress and has given his readers a sort of forecast of what can be expected of the automobile in the future. After reading an editorial in the *Evening Journal*, January 8, I feel sure that Mr. Hearst had not forgotten the December issue of the *AUTOMOBILE MAGAZINE*. In brief, Mr. Hearst asks the anti-automobilists to sit down and think about what the motor vehicle is likely to do to assist the human race in the future. In recognition of all this Mr. Hearst asked his readers not to throw stones or place tacks in its pathway at this early date. Mr. Hearst says that the man who don't and can't own an automobile must not be jealous of those that can and do own one, and predicts that automobiles will be owned by most men in the future and that they will be used as a means of pleasure and health and locomotion in the very near future by the thousand that now seek to bar the progress of the automobile either through jealousy or ignorance, or both.



The Wheel-Within-Wheel Company have at last perfected their entirely new wheel and tire device and feel so much encouraged that they will commence a vigorous campaign in order to enlighten the automobile public in regard to their non-puncturable and non-breakable wheel and tire. Illustrations in this issue will give a very good idea as to the looks of the wheels and the fact that a number of well-known tourists have specified them for their 1903 touring vehicle is sufficient proof that there is at least a lively interest in the idea.

King Leopold, of Belgium, after examining all the automobile tires at the Paris Show, says a foreign writer, was much disappointed because he did not find in all the exhibition a single example of a non-puncturable tire that would give a decent amount of resiliency. Before this appears, the King will have received information from the Wheel-Within-Wheel Company (Mrs. Martensen, the vice-president of the company, wrote King Leopold a personal let-

ter, as the lady had the honor of meeting the King some years ago while in Paris). It is well known that the King is the president of the Belgian Automobile Society, and takes a live interest in the construction of automobiles, and the now favorite "King of Belgium Tonneau" is the result of ideas submitted to a builder by King Leopold, himself.

The latest convert to the Wheel-Within-Wheel idea is W. B. Leeds, president of the Rock Island R. R., who became thoroughly alarmed after learning that the catastrophe to the late Charles Fair and wife in France was the result of a punctured tire. Mr. Leeds has ordered his touring carriage equipped with the Wheel-Within-Wheel Co.'s product. I ask AUTOMOBILE MAGAZINE readers (every one of them) to send a postal card to the Wheel-Within-Wheel Co., Park Row Building, New York, for their literature regarding the tire trouble remover. I particularly request this as it is my wish to assist a splendid business woman, who seems to have an article of undoubted merit.

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If there should be offered a mileage medal for editor automobilists this year (or if one had been offered last year), it is easy betting that our Chief would have scooped the pot easily, as he is about the only one of the editorial fraternity that makes a practice of running an automobile throughout the year, and is what can be termed a practical automobilist. Other editors who control technical journals have tackled the game with more or less success, principally less. One of them started on the Buffalo run two years ago and got as far as Yonkers when his "choo—choo" gave out, and he did not know how to start it again. They say that a Chicago editor has had so many experiences in being towed home that he has at last consigned his mount to the stable, where it has been munching a bale of hay for several months. A little thing like a snowstorm or frozen roads does not seem to worry the Chief, for he surprised me Christmas day by driving up to my residence with a lady occupying the seat, while there was a foot of snow on the ground.

I am not saying that our editor has had no accidents (as the daily papers some time ago gave one of them). But the necessary repairs did not take long.

The Chief has developed an Oliver Twist appetite for automobiles, and is not satisfied with two, so he orders a third at the Show. I would like to know how many editors can operate their

own machines, and how many can hold up their right hand and swear that they are practical automobilists and practical every-day drivers. I think there is only one—and he owns THE AUTOMOBILE MAGAZINE.

---

If there is one thing that has caused more damns and worries than any other thing in automobile construction it is the spark plug. I am now talking from bitter experience, as it was the spark plug that caused me much sorrow, much wet and coldness, and covered me with much mud on the New York and Buffalo run—that memorable run a year ago last October. That I ever got to Buffalo was not the fault of that spark plug, as it did its prettiest to lay me alongside the road a thousand different times, for the freight car of some friendly railroad to pick me up. It was the patience, philosophy and superior mechanical knowledge of Chas. E. Duryea that finally pulled me through, as he hovered around my rig with as much solicitude as a mother bird does around her young. I was riding then on a Duryea—three-wheeler, and was assistant chauffeur that a young man that did not have too much pluck.

Now comes the man with a perfect spark plug, and I hasten to proclaim the news from the housetops. The man is E. J. Willis, well known to all in this city, who is sole distributor for the Bougie-Herz Spark Plug, which is a German product, and from what I have seen of it, the statement of Mr. Willis that it is the best ever, seems to be about right. He is so confident that it is all right that he will allow anyone a thirty days' trial free, and if the plug don't "make good," then all you have to do is to send it back.

This faith on Mr. Willis' part, and his free trial offer, should deluge him with applications for one of his spark plugs, and I can thoroughly recommend Mr. Willis as being a man of his word, as there is nothing of the Cheap John about him. Mr. Willis, incidentally, has the largest automobile supply house in New York city.

---

A. H. Funke, the big importer, has placed on the market one of the most original and at the same time expense-saving lamps that I have ever seen.

Mr. Funke became aware of the fact that it is not necessary to keep a vehicle headlight burning all the time in cities, which are well lighted, especially when you have calls to make, so he went to work and got up a sort of bracket which will take the place of the acetylene burner, and in which you can place an ordinary wax candle



which serves the purposes of light and at the same time saves much carbide and dirt and does away with a lot of extra work for the chauffeur. The lamp can be changed into an acetylene burning lamp in a moment, while the candle and holder are stored away and held securely by a spring under the hood and out of sight.

The candle itself will frequently be found useful as a torch for examining parts of the machine at night. As for the lamp itself, it is one of the best made and is patterned after the French design. The run on the Funke line of lamps at the Show was evidence that he had caught the popular fancy for lamps. Mr. Funke also is doing a growing business with his Kelecom motors and is making weekly shipments to some of the largest automobile manufacturers.

His recent importation of French horns is of the best, and I would recommend that our readers would secure the Funke catalogue and examine the good things he is offering.

---

It seems to me that a line will soon be drawn and will have to be drawn between the out and out professional automobile speedmen and the amateurs, such as Wm. K. Vanderbilt, Jr., H. S. Harkness, Albert Bostwick and others. Henri Fournier has been tooted by a section of the American press as a Simon-pure amateur. Henri is nothing of the sort. He is out and out professional, and has been so for years, both in automobiling and cycling, from which he graduated. Fournier can see a dollar or franc about as far as any man living and for the life of me I cannot understand why some of our shouting Americans seek to promote the interests of Fournier in a racing way, and use him and his French machine to defeat an American amateur on an American machine. I do not believe that it is right and proper that so responsible a man and amateur as Alexander Winton should be forced into a match with a professional—Henri Fournier, of France, who is here with a French machine. It is not right that the Winton Company should risk the life of its president on a gamble with a French professional, who has everything to gain and nothing to lose. But with the Winton Company it is different. A defeat and a possible killing of its president would not do the company any good. The match is said to be for a cup, but if I know Fournier—and I had some experience with him some two years ago—makes me believe that the cup will have to be lined pretty well with gold—American gold—before Henri will consent to play. In other words, I believe that

gate money figures in the match, but it is doubtful if Winton will get any of it.

---

One of the best things that an automobile firm has ever done is that scheme of the Packard Motor Car Company, who have been giving a series of lectures to their employees on the principles of construction and operation of the parts which go to make up a complete and practical automobile.

The Packard Company tells me that the results have greatly exceeded their expectations and the evening classes have averaged an attendance of sixty.

At the suggestion of the class, the Packard Company will start a library for their use, which will embrace the standard works on automobiles and a copy of each of the trade papers. We cordially indorse this movement, and would suggest that the idea of the Warren (Ohio) company be imitated by all manufacturers.

---

The Automobile Show provided almost a surfeit of banquets. I think there was one for every day, and it was not enough to ask us to eat a banquet every night, but some prodigal gets up a breakfast, with the result that he fed them so well and so long that many of those who participated could not eat breakfast the next morning. I was sorry to have to decline the issue and to preserve my stomach for the more weighty Automobile Club of America annual indigestion riot. The Manufacturers' banquet was a red-hot affair, and one of the banqueters tells me that at least four people were speaking at the same time, and everybody had a jolly good time.

The Automobile Club of America banquet, at the Waldorf-Astoria, was a sort of classical event, and at times very solemn. I got there just in time to hear the speeches and receive my souvenirs, which were very handsome. The speakers of the evening that were listened to with interest were Simeon Ford, a natural wit, and Job Hedges, a decidedly coming New York after-dinner speaker. General Roy Stone read a lot of statistics of road building and road legislation. So did Highway Commissioner Budd, of New Jersey, which could have been omitted to advantage at an affair of that kind. Statistics are always better digested in book form. Oh, yes, Mr. Armstrong, our good-roads fighter at Albany, did well, and there was much regret that Col. Albert A. Pope, who was present, was placed at the foot of the list, when he should have been near the top, as many of us went there especially to hear the Colonel, who

has done more financially and in a practical way for good roads than all others at the banquet combined.

---

There were two trade banquets, one of which I have spoken about in these columns, at which I had the onerous duty of toastmaster to perform.

The other banquet was a surprise, inasmuch as it was not expected. I allude to the function brought off by the Banker Bros. Co. and their capable N. Y. manager, C. S. Wridgeway. We were invited to what they called an opening of their Automobile Palace, 38th street and Broadway. That was only a masque for a rousing time to follow, which we knew nothing about, consequently only one man appeared in evening dress, and he dropped in by accident. Mr. Wridgeway handled the affair very cleverly and the speeches compared favorably with any delivered at the later banquets. This event occurred two days before the Show opened.

Automobiles whisked us from the Auto. Palace to the arena, where we found a full-fledged banquet awaiting us. John C. Wetmore, of the *N. Y. Herald*, was toastmaster, until James Gordon Bennett called him on the 'phone from Paris, so John imposed the latter part of the burden on the writer. One of the very clever speakers was Mr. Letts, of London, president of the Locomobile Co. of Great Britain. This young man would make a good American, and in him there seems to be full measure of that boasted British fair play which some sportsmen who have competed in games in Great Britain fell short of. A surprise of the evening was the speech by George A. Banker, manager of the Banker Bros.' Philadelphia branch, who is a sort of Chauncey Depew, as all who were present will testify to. Mr. Banker will be heard from as an after-dinner speaker with certainty in the future, and when he alluded to Arthur L. Banker, his brother (the president of the company), his tribute to the Pittsburg brother, who was sick and not able to be present, caused loud cheers.

---

The announcements of Cudell & Co., of Aix La Chapelle, which will be found elsewhere, will tell something about a new foreign made vehicle that will be a warm competitor against the French machines, as it will be remembered that the Germans have made splendid progress, in fact, greater than the French the past year. The best editorials on the Paris Show in the technical press prove beyond a doubt that the French manufacturer had more or

less copied the German makers in his designs, and it was stated that the reason the Germans did not exhibit in Paris was because they were afraid that the Frenchman would copy all their ideas.

This sounds funny, as the Germans have been credited with being pretty good copyists themselves, but for once, it seems, the shoe is on the other foot.

The American agent for Cudell & Co. is a young man who is sure to become popular, and his name is one that will be remembered, as it embodies greatness. Allow me to introduce Julius Caesar Brandes, as clever a Teuton as ever trod the deck of a North German Lloyd. Incidentally, this young man does not have to work for a living, but he said he was afraid of getting rusty if he remains idle. So between managing real estate in New York, buying buildings and selling imported window glass to compete with the American trust, he will push the fortunes of Cudell & Co. Mr. Brandes tells me that he can undersell any importer and will import everything from a motor bicycle to a truck. Cudell & Co. are the second oldest automobile makers in Europe and control the American patents for Germany.

---

Glance any afternoon at the traffic, as in a never-ending stream it rolls by the windows of the Automobile Club of America, on this, the only avenue free from car tracks, the only one in the city reserved for "pleasure driving"—Heaven save the mark! Hundreds of carriages and light passenger vehicles are trying to make their way north and south. There are obstructive lines of tradesmen's wagons and lumbering trucks through which automobiles and carriages must dodge in and out, to the terror of pedestrians. Many trucks are empty. Here and there is an overflowing ash cart or one laden with barrels of lime whose escaping contents are blown all over foot passengers and drivers alike. Near the curb on either side there is another obstructive procession made up of empty cabs creeping along awaiting "fares."

This is no overdrawn picture. The crush on sidewalk and in roadway is at times as fierce and dangerous as that at the Brooklyn Bridge. The congestion must be relieved, and I am sure that the question as to which the automobile owners are most in need of, a boulevard to the Pacific ocean or a street permitting them to reach Central Park, is one which calls for but an extremely small amount of debate. I would prefer to see Fifth avenue won first, then boulevards to where you will afterward. THE SENATOR.

## The Tavern at the End

Down life's road a Tavern  
Marks the end,  
Where sometimes quartered  
Foe and friend.  
Weary of the journey;  
Faint of breath—  
Friend and foe must greet him,  
Landlord Death.

Landlord Death is quiet  
In his way;  
Yet he has pleasures  
Day by day;  
Pleasures that he greets with  
Smile so grim—  
Yes, and they who travel  
Smile on him.

You may take no luggage  
To his inn,  
Joy nor tears nor fortune,  
Nay, nor sin.  
When you come you leave it  
All behind.  
Many vow sincerely  
Death is kind.

Guests there are who tremble  
At the gate;  
Guests there are who enter  
All sedate;  
Other guests would parley  
For a while;  
Others, too, who hasten,  
With a smile.

Down life's road a Tavern  
Marks the end.  
Further on the highways  
Dimly blend,  
Death will make no answer,  
Yes or no,  
If we on that highway  
Stay or go.

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"Mobile"

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Through more than a **million miles of Experience**, including single journeys of a thousand miles over such rough country as that from Seattle to San Francisco, and the carrying of more than 50,000 passengers by a single Company using Rapid Transit vehicles.

A \$550 "MOBILE" for Two Persons

A \$1,080 Delivery Wagon for Merchants

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Estimates given on not less than 100 from each pattern.

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One of our New Gasoline Touring Cars with Front Vertical Motor, Throttle on Steering Wheel and Many Other New Features.

It will pay you to examine our new gasoline touring cars before placing an order. Our immense plant at Bridgeport makes it possible for us to deliver in the early Spring. Order now to avoid delay.

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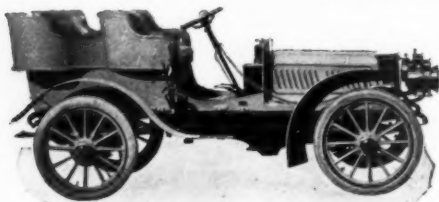
Write for information about our new models, both in **STEAM** and **GASOLINE**. Our new steam cars have many important improvements and conveniences, and the demand for this type of car seems as great as ever, judging from the large number of orders we took at the New York Automobile Show.

See Our Immense Exhibit at the Chicago  
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The *Locomobile* Company of America  
7 EAST FORTY-SECOND STREET, NEW YORK

# The Decauville

## MOTOR CAR



Travelled from EDINBOROUGH to LONDON over all conditions of roads and grades **without an instant's stop** at an average speed of **20 miles per hour** (distance over 400 miles.) What other car has ever equalled this performance?

*Look for us in the Endurance Tests of 1903*  
Send for List of seven great European Decauville Achievements.

**THE STANDARD AUTOMOBILE CO.** 136 West 38th St.  
(Near B'way) New York  
**SOLE U. S. AGENT**



**IS YOUR SPARK PLUG IN ORDER?**  
IF NOT

**TRY MY BOUGIE HERZ—FREE**

**Price, \$3.00.**

**Guaranteed for Six Months.**

Latest Plug as used by the Mercedes and DeDion types.

**PRICE, \$3.00**  
**30Days' Trial free**

The only spark plug in the world guaranteed against anything and everything, except a sledge hammer. Once in your motor it never needs to be taken out. It is impossible to carbonize it. Will spark just as well in oil. There are no points to break or loosen. No mica to leak or porcelain to break. **THE BOUGIE HERZ PLUG** is worth its weight in gold to any one owning a gasoline engine.

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SOLE IMPORTER FOR  
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Complete typewritten list of all New York State's Automobile Owners, as registered with State Department. Containing over two thousand names and addresses, with style of vehicle used. Address

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**Box 14**

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## Gasoline Automobiles

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DON'T FAIL TO INSPECT THEM

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**2 Models**    8 H. P. Runabout - \$750.00  
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Double Cylinder Vertical Motors—Sliding Gear Transmission—Three Speeds and Reverse on Large Car—  
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### For the business end

investigate our Steam Delivery Wagons, which embody every modern feature. Now in use by the largest houses in the country. Specifications furnished on request. :: :: :: ::

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## Toledo Gasolene Touring Cars



are superb in every respect. They fully meet every requirement of a roomy, powerful road car, carefully made and finely finished.

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## Waverley Electrics

Represent the highest development of the electric carriage. Graceful in appearance, always ready, and giving a wide radius of action at good speed, they are naturally in demand.

**ORDERS BEING BOOKED NOW**

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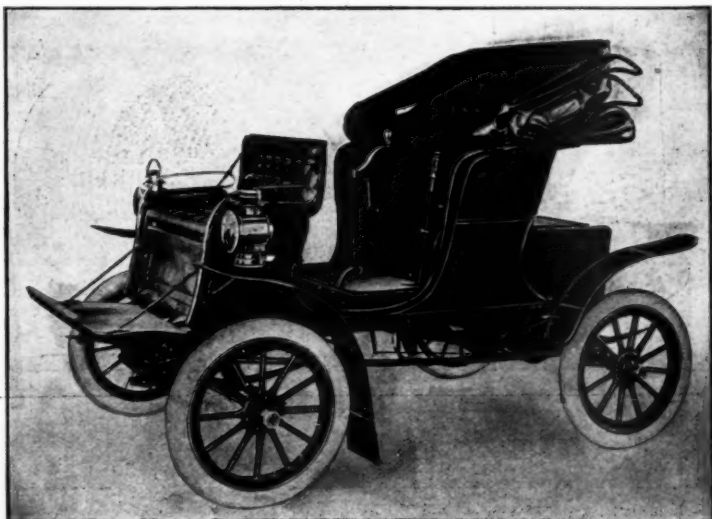
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## Gasoline Automobile

WILL BE THE POPULAR CAR AT THE SHOWS



We have demonstrated that our car is not surpassed in its class for

### **SPEED      HILL CLIMBING      RELIABILITY**

It starts from the seat, is noiseless and without vibration.

We hold the track records for 1 to 5 miles (gasoline cars under 1300 lbs.), of 7:42, made at Providence, R. I., Sept. 24, 1902.

We won the "Scarritt" Cup for record made in the 500 mile Reliability Contest, New York to Boston, Oct. 17 to 24.

We hold the "Gasoline" record for climbing Eagle Rock Hill, Orange, N. J., Nov. 27, 1902. Time, 3:45.

**Price, \$1200.00**

SPACE No. 86—Coliseum, Chicago, Ill., Feb. 14 to 21

**J. Stevens Arms & Tool Company**

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New York Office  
54-56 West 43d Street

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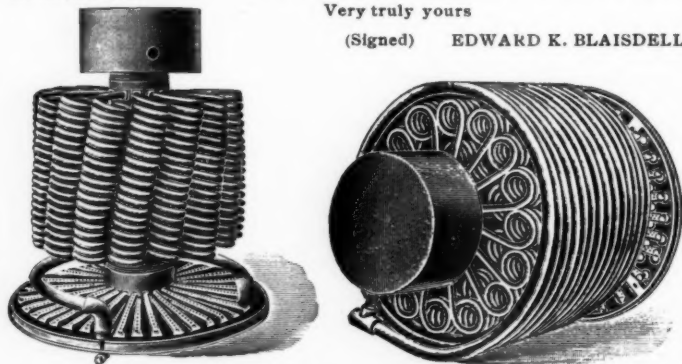
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Gentlemen:—I wish to say that the ten horse power boiler that I have in my machine is the *best thing* that I have run up against as yet and have got to meet the machine that can *pass me* on the road for *one mile or thirty*.

If the boiler had been of the common variety *it would have been burned out a hundred times or more*, but shows no weakness as yet, and don't think that it will. I have no trouble to *hold the steam* at 250 lbs., at any time, *up-hill or down*, and will be pleased to have any of your representatives call and see what the machine will do.

Very truly yours

(Signed) EDWARD K. BLAISDELL



# Chicago Automobile Show

Coliseum, Feb. 14-21

## REDUCED RAILROAD RATES

The Central Passenger Association  
Western Passenger Association  
Trunk Line Association  
New England Association

have granted reduced rates on account of the Good Roads Convention of the National Association of Automobile Manufacturers, to be held at the Coliseum, Chicago, during the Chicago Automobile Show, Feb. 14 to 21, 1903.

These associations cover all the territory between Cheyenne, Wyo. (including all points in Colorado) and the Atlantic Coast.

### Note These Instructions Carefully

On purchasing ticket for the trip to Chicago, ask the ticket agent for a certificate on account of the Good Roads Convention of the National Association of Automobile Manufacturers.

On your arrival at the Coliseum present it at once to the railroad agent who will be in attendance from Monday to Saturday. He will certify that you have been in attendance, but it is necessary for him to know that there are at least 100 holders of certificates, hence the necessity of delivering them to him immediately on arrival.

Your certificate when presented at the depot will entitle you to buy your return ticket at one-third of the regular fare.

Tickets for return journey will be furnished only on certificates dated not more than three days before the opening of the convention, nor more than two days after the first day of the convention, and presented within three days after convention closes. Sunday will not be reckoned as one of the three days either before the opening date or after the closing date, and all return tickets will be for continuous passage.

**Every Prominent Maker will Exhibit.** MORNING SESSIONS  
FREE TO THE TRADE

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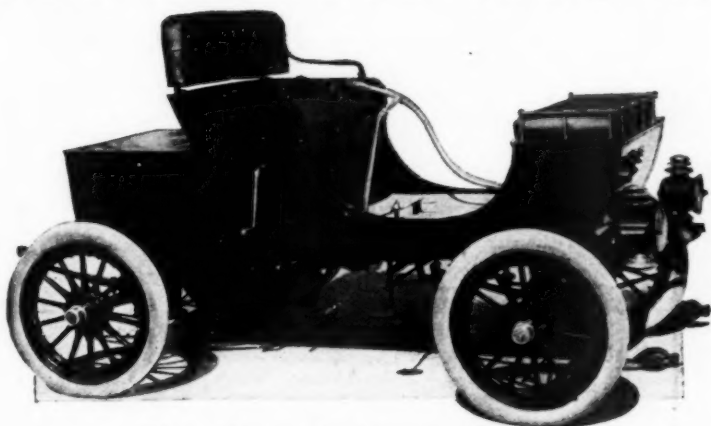
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**Price, \$750**

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==GASOLINE CAR==

**See the 1903 Models**



**The King of Automobiledom**

Acknowledged by experts to be the best car ever produced for the money. Everybody wants it.  
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## **The Success of the Century**

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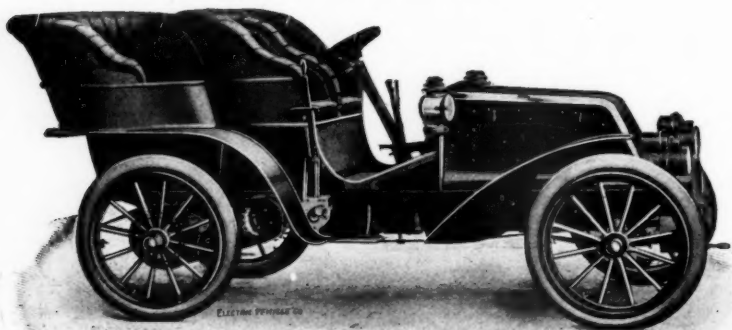
**CENTURY MOTOR VEHICLE COMPANY**  
**SYRACUSE, N. Y.**

*New York City Agents*

**BANKER BROS. CO., 38th Street and B'way**

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New Models for 1903



## 24 H. P. COLUMBIA Gasolene Touring Car Most Efficient and Handsomest American Car

**A** THOROUGHLY American machine for American roads. All parts of engine and running gear instantly accessible. All parts interchangeable. All screws and bolts have standard threads. Noiseless running. Drop Forgings throughout. Four cylinder, vertical, water-cooled engine. Through drive on high gear. Single lever for all speeds. Four speeds forward and one reverse. Speeds four to forty-five miles per hour. Two double acting brakes. New style Tonneau body, seating five persons. All body furnishings and fittings of Columbia quality. The COLUMBIA line for 1903 includes the following new vehicles:

COLUMBIA Light Electric Runabout

COLUMBIA Rear-Driven Coupe

COLUMBIA Special Service Wagon

COLUMBIA Inside Operated Coupe

DELIVERY WAGONS and TRUCKS

COLUMBIA "Seabright" Runabouts, Victorias, Surreys, Tonneaus, Cabriolets, Opera Buses and Broughams which were so unqualifiedly successful during 1902, have been perpetuated with numerous improvements.

**SEE OUR EXHIBIT AT CHICAGO SHOW**

Catalogue will be Sent on Request

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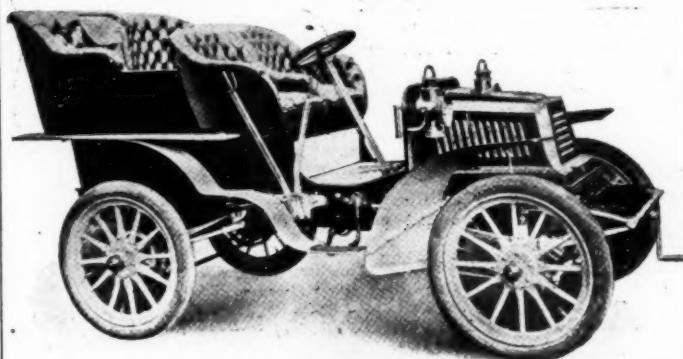
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*Searchmont*

1903 MODEL. TYPE VII

"**H**OW can you sell such a car for \$2,500 when others ask \$4,000 to \$10,000 for cars so similar to yours?" was a question often asked at our exhibit in the New York Automobile Show. We make them in large quantities and are content with a reasonable profit. Read the description of the various cars at the show in the trade or daily papers and compare the SEARCHMONT with the higher priced ones. Do not pay \$4,000 or more for an Automobile until you have examined the new SEARCHMONT.

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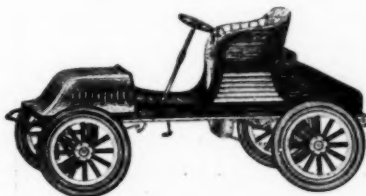
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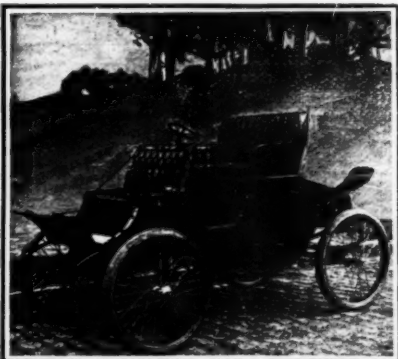
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BOSTON—Automobile Headquarters, 66 Stanhope St. Tel. 842-2 Tremont. S. R. C.  
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BOSTON—H. B. Shattuck & Son, 239 Columbus Ave. S. R. C.  
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SPRINGFIELD—Springfield Auto. Co., 60 Main St. Telephone, 853-1. S. R. C.  
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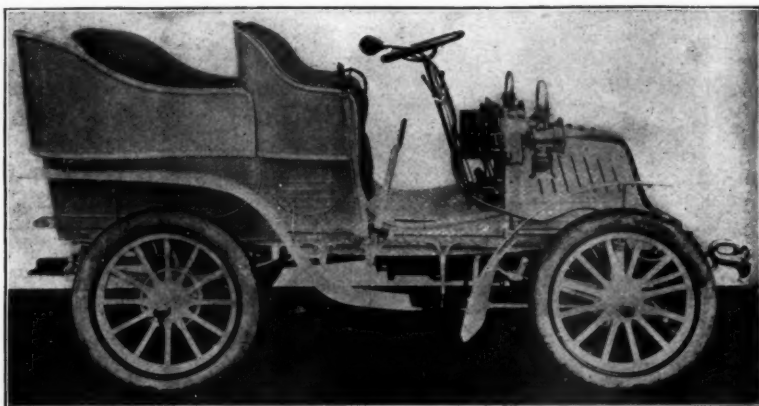
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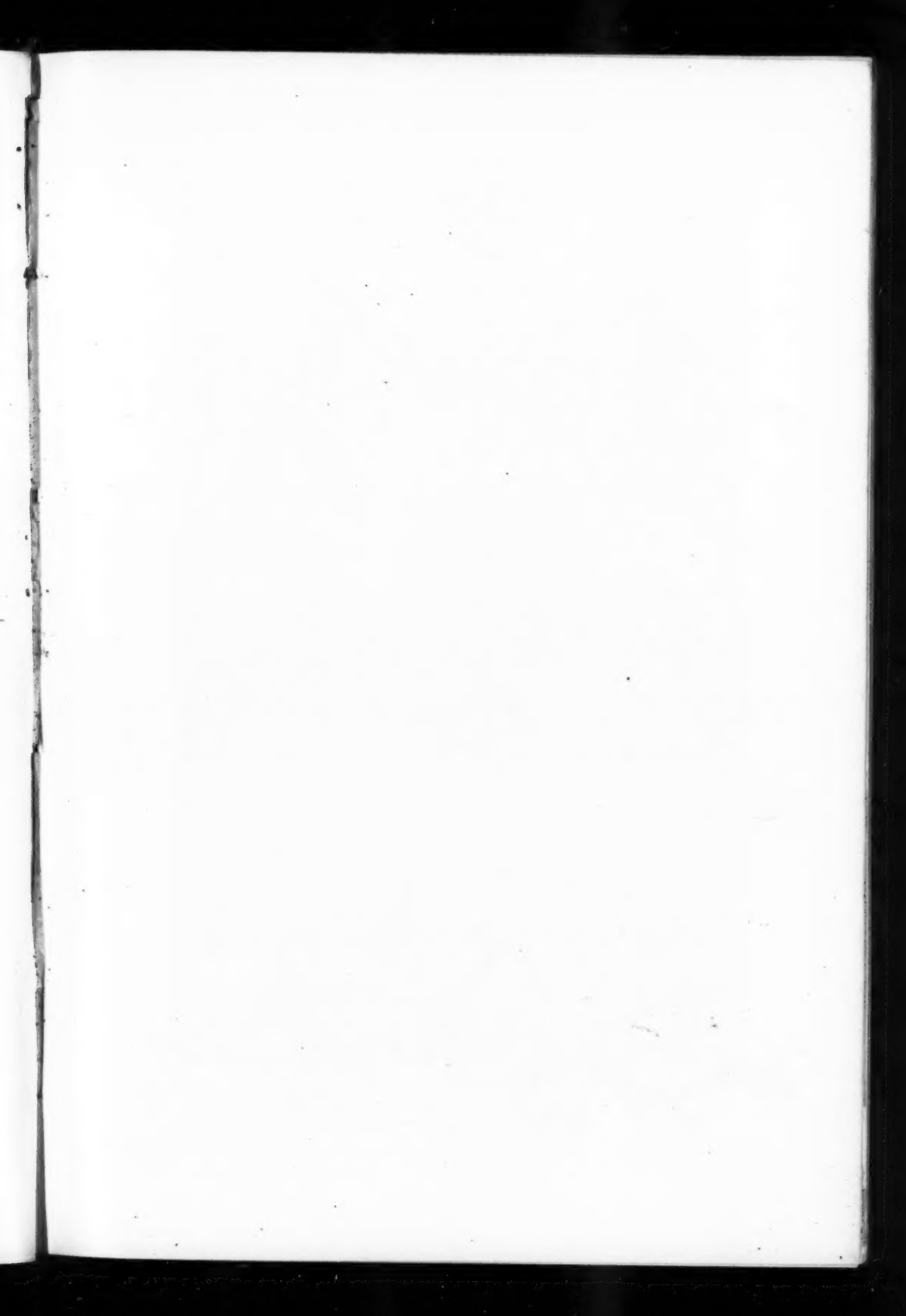
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